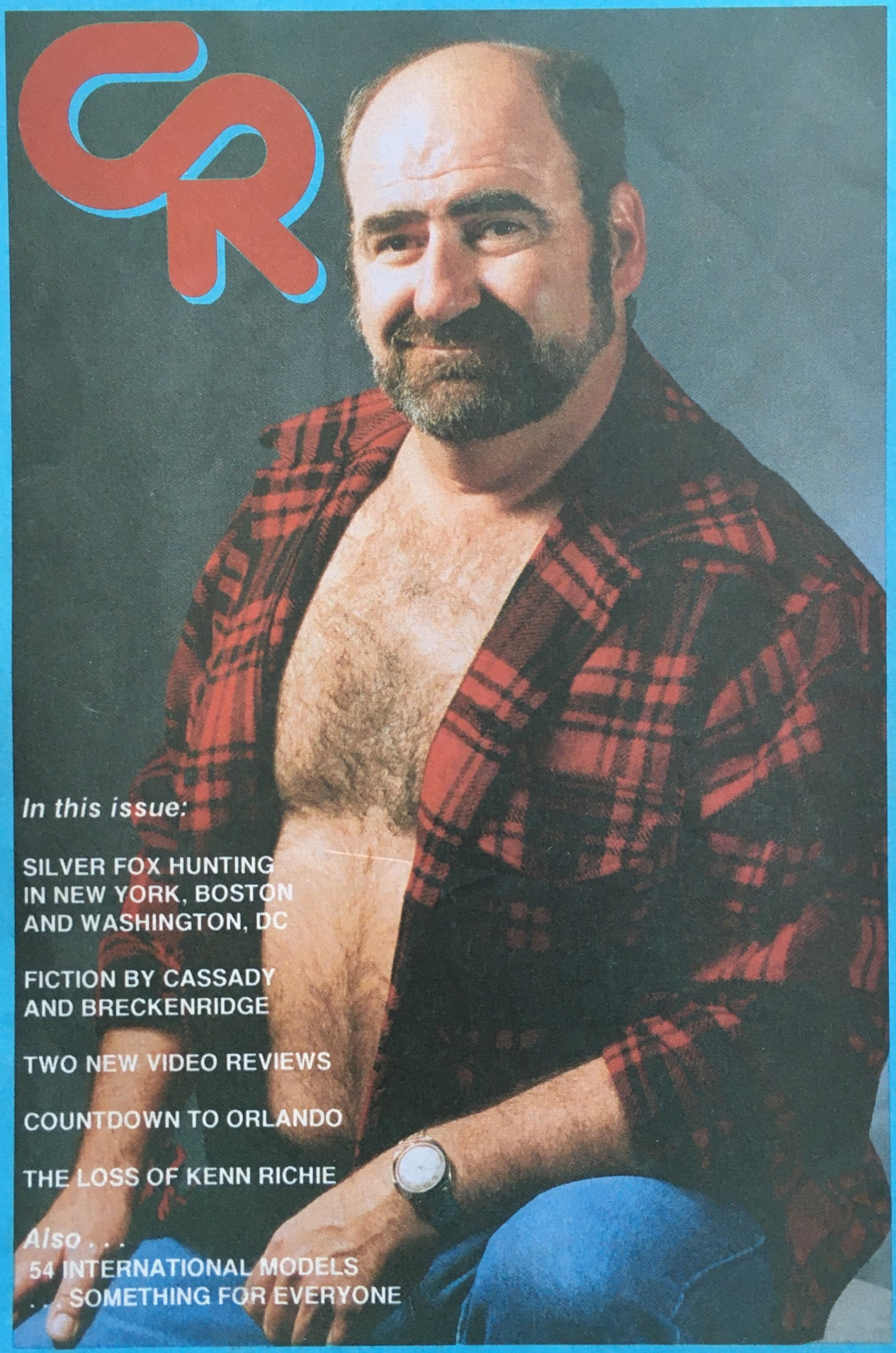
MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 56 $5.95

CR



In this issue:

SILVER FOX HUNTING IN NEW YORK, BOSTON AND WASHINGTON, DC

FICTION BY CASSADY AND BRECKENRIDGE

TWO NEW VIDEO REVIEWS

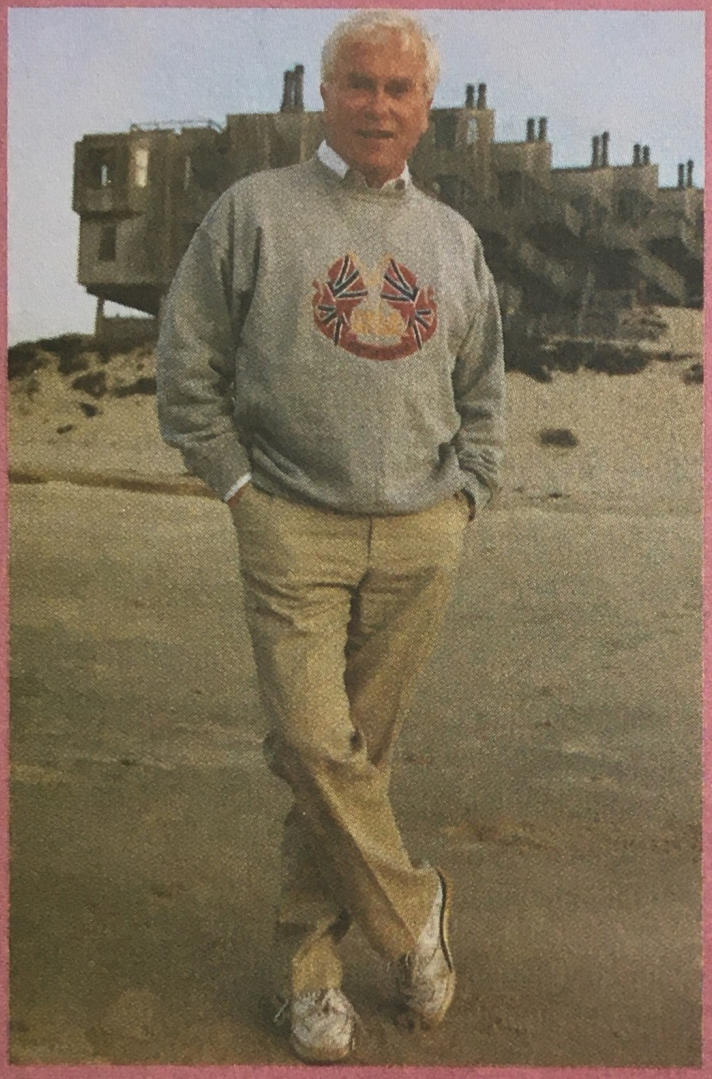
COUNTDOWN TO ORLANDO

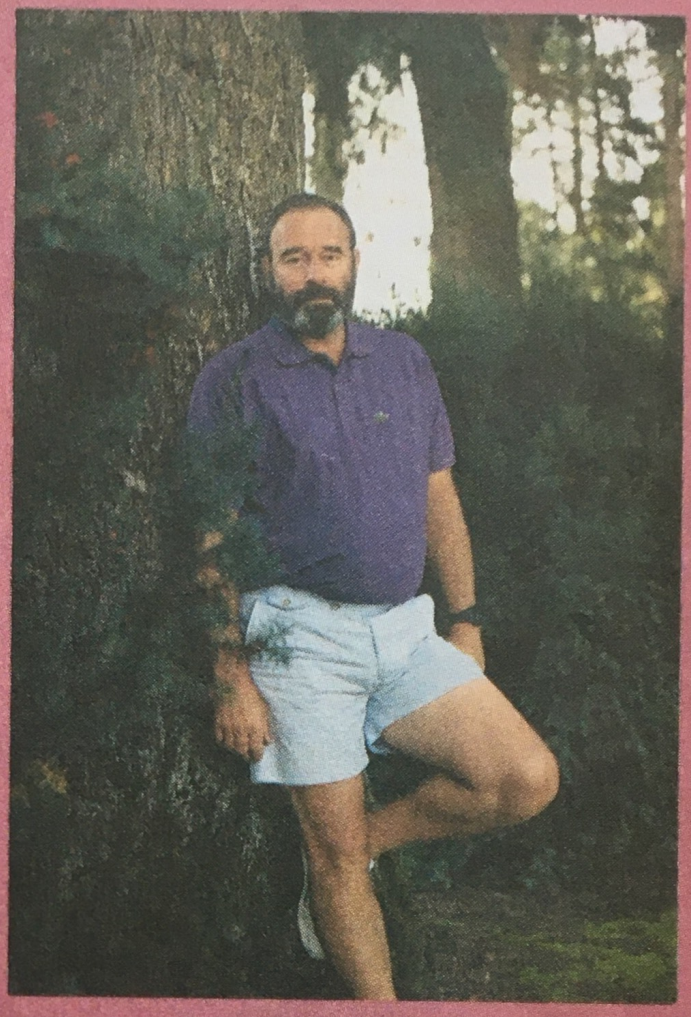
THE LOSS OF KENN RICHIE

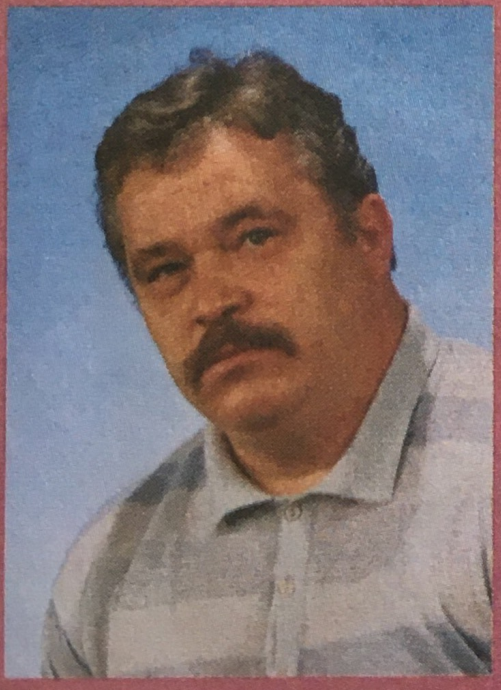
Also . . .
54 INTERNATIONAL MODELS
. . . SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

ADULTS ONLY

HOT! HOT! HOT!







Clockwise from upper left: **BAY AREA BILL** - photo by a friend; **DUFFER** - photo by GRIZ; **SWEDE** - photo by PH COLLEY; **DIETER** - photo by HEINZ

CHIRON·RISING

PUBLISHER/EDITOR-IN-CHIEF/ FOUNDER - P.H. Colley
CO-PUBLISHER/FOUNDER -Bruce Vaughan (aka The Friar)
EDITOR - Charles Chiarelli
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS - Marsh Cassady and Jim Kitchen
LITERARY CONSULTANT/ ASSOCIATE EDITOR - The Viking
PRINCIPAL WRITERS - D.W. Breckenridge, Marsh Cassady, Finney Edwards, Flores, Kookabura, Tom Silverchase, John David Thomas
PRINCIPAL ARTISTS - Abe, Bill III, David, Elf, Kemush, Quetzal, Ram
PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS - Joel, Richie II, Chelsea Williams
ADVERTISING MANAGER - Eldon Klein
MODELS, CONTRIBUTINGWRITERS, ARTISTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS - Our Subscribers
HONORARY COFOUNDERS - The Colonel, Ex-Logger, Joe & Harry, Legal Eagle, Quetzal, Ram, Pug Snider, Woody & Sean, Xylophang
CO-FOUNDER/GUIDING LIGHTS - Kent Justice, Kenn Richie
PRODUCTION VOLUNTEERS FOR LAST ISSUE -Barekat, Big Mac, Bill III, Denny, Gary, Paul
COVER LOGO DESIGN - Gary Thomas

FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL R P

CHIRON RISING ™ MAGAZINE
ISSUE 56

FEATURES

9 THE POETRY OF PAT O'CONNOR
Jesus is back from Puerto Rico.
26 THE TURNING POINT . . . fiction by D.W. BRECKENRIDGE
Another story from the haunting Bass Lake Chronicles.
31 REACHING FOR THE STARS . . . fiction by MAC MARTIN
Deliverance at 35,000 feet.
38 THE SOUND OF THE RAIN . . . fiction by MARSH CASSADY
Loving the Rain Beast.
44 THE OTHER PUBLISHER'S TWO CENTS . . . opinion by BRUCE VAUGHAN
56 A FAREWELL TO OUR BELOVED KENN RICHIE
62 COUNTDOWN TO ORLANDO
The speakers and your hosts.

MODELS

Front Cover - MR. G
2 BAY AREA BILL, DUFFER, SWEDE, DIETER
4 STUD, RED MOON, SUN N FUN, WILD BILL
5 NUTMEGGERS, DON & MARCUS, DENNY & BIG MAC, YOGI & BOO BOO
6 RAYMOND, GROVER, SPRINGER, PATRICK, YOUNG BUCK, A.J.
7 GREYBEARD
8 JOSÉ VALLS, THE WRANGLER, TUCKER
16 BARNEY
18 D.C. LUKE
30 MIKE VOLLARO
52 FRESNO BILL
58 KEN, ROMIE, BOB BOONE, OCKER, CAPRICORN
59 CARL
60 PEP, LARO, HAWO, KEY DADDY, BUSTER
61 SMOKEY MTN BEAR, GEORGIA EDDIE, THE COLONEL, MIAMI MARK
62 JOHN McNEILL, C.J. SCHWARTZ, WOODY BALDWIN & SEAN
63 BRUCE VAUGHAN, CHARLIE CHIARELLI, PAT COLLEY

ARTISTS & CARTOONISTS

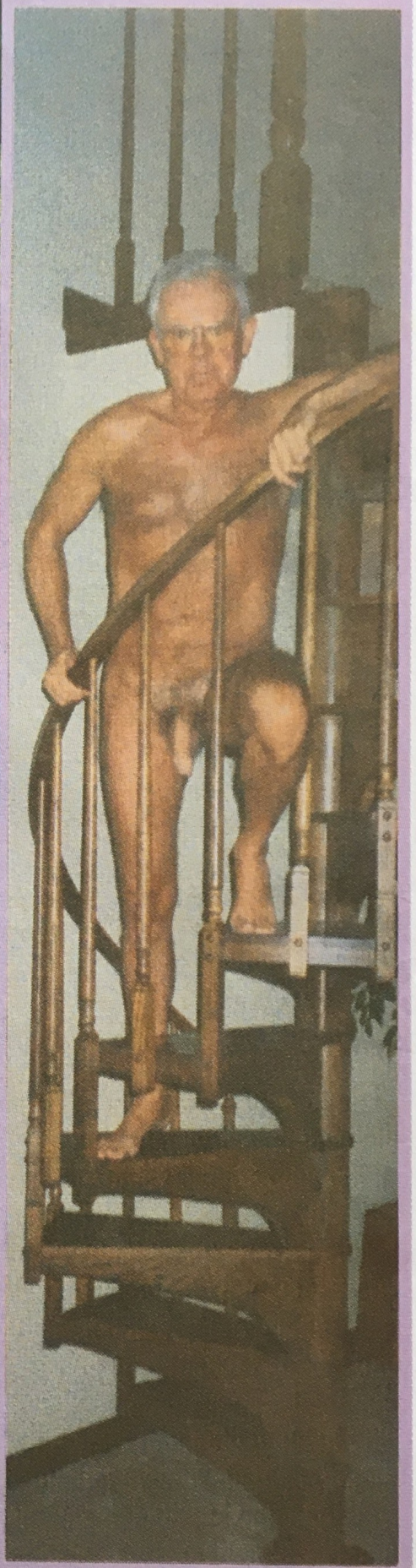
17 BILL III
23 QUETZAL
29 DARKCHILDE
37 ABE
46 KEMUSH
53 RAM

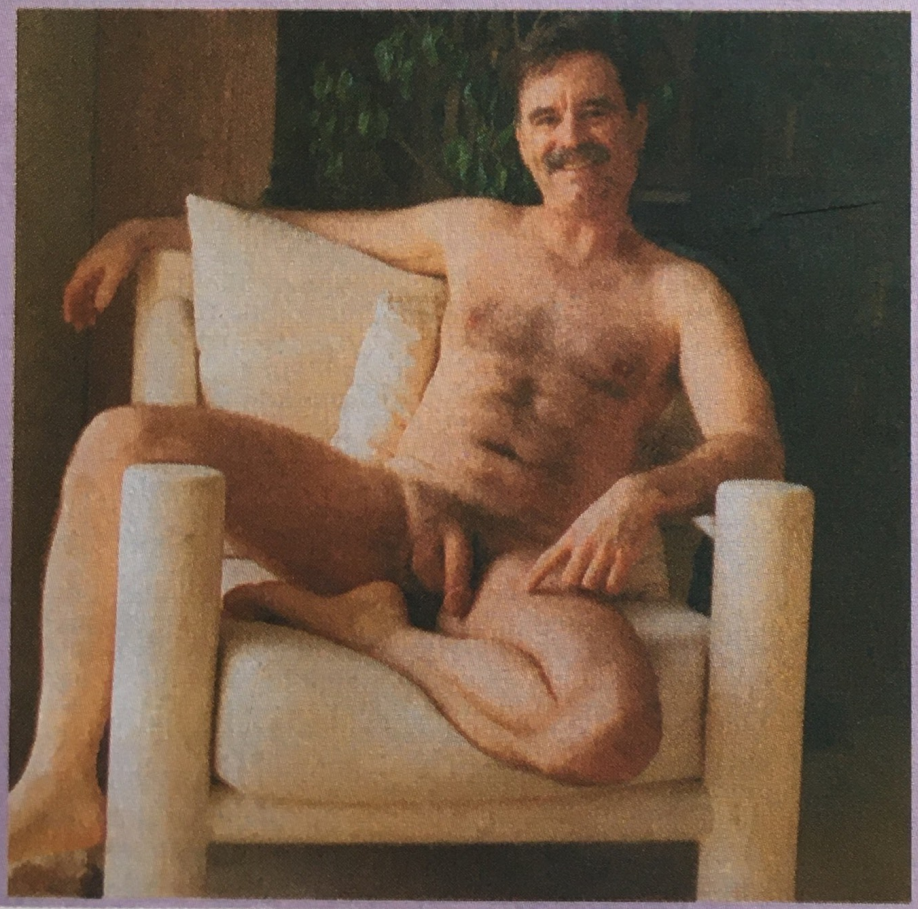
DEPARTMENTS

10 FORUM - Your letters, friendly and otherwise.
19 BRIEFS - Announcements and revelations of interest.
20 HEALTH - A magic fat pill, diabetes, stroke, CPR
22 MUSIC - FINNEY & JOHN
33 PROFILES OF MODELS, ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS
35 TOM SILVERCHASE - Silver Fox Hunting in New York, Boston, and Washington, D.C.
43 VIDEOS WITH EXOCET
47 THE CLASSIFIEDS
54 THE NEXT TO FINAL WORD

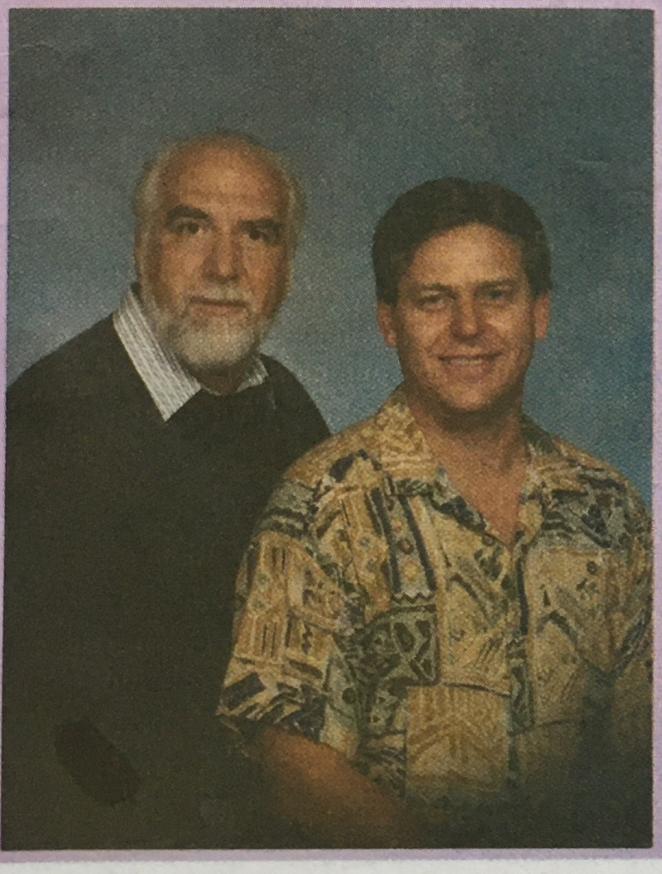
CHIRON RISING (ISSN 1059-5244) is published bimonthly at Los Angeles, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $38.00. Editorial offices are located at 4864 Luna, Phelan. The entire contents of *CHIRON RISING* are copyright © 1993 by Patrick H. Colley and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Our lists of subscribers and advertisers are confidential and are not sold or given away. Publication of the name of any person in articles or advertising is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person. Opinions expressed in bylined columns, letters, articles and cartoons are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the editors. Unless stated otherwise, all artwork and fiction featured in this publication are created from imagination, and any similarity between characters depicted herein and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. All models are18 years of age or older, and none of the materials contained in this magazine are covered by the Child Protection Restoration and Penalties Enhancement Act of 1990. All correspondence received is considered for publication in our FORUM section unless otherwise requested by the writer. All correspondence should be addressed to *CHIRON RISING*, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. Our telephone and fax number available upon request.

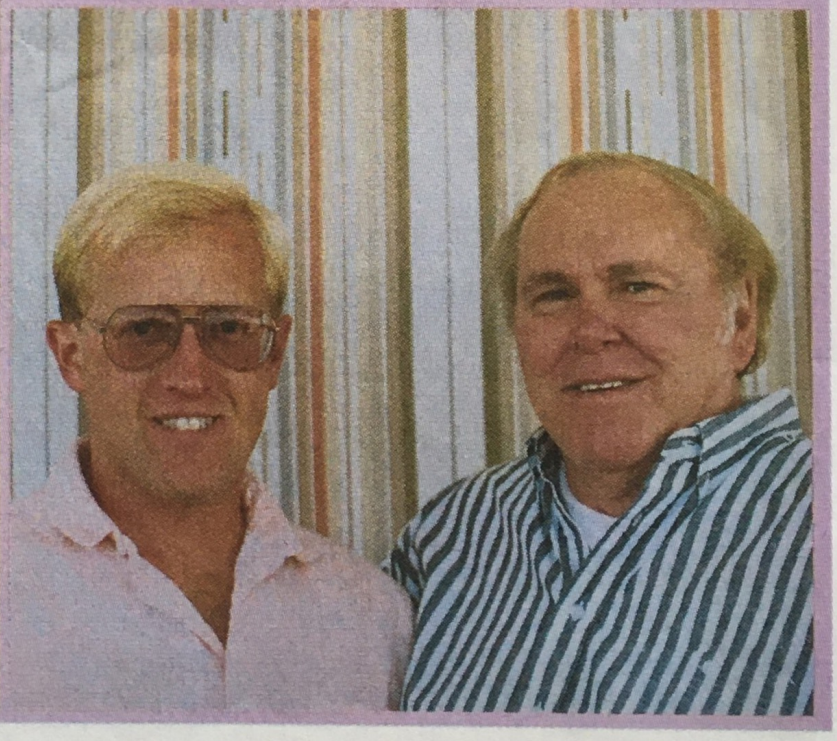
CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFE-MATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.



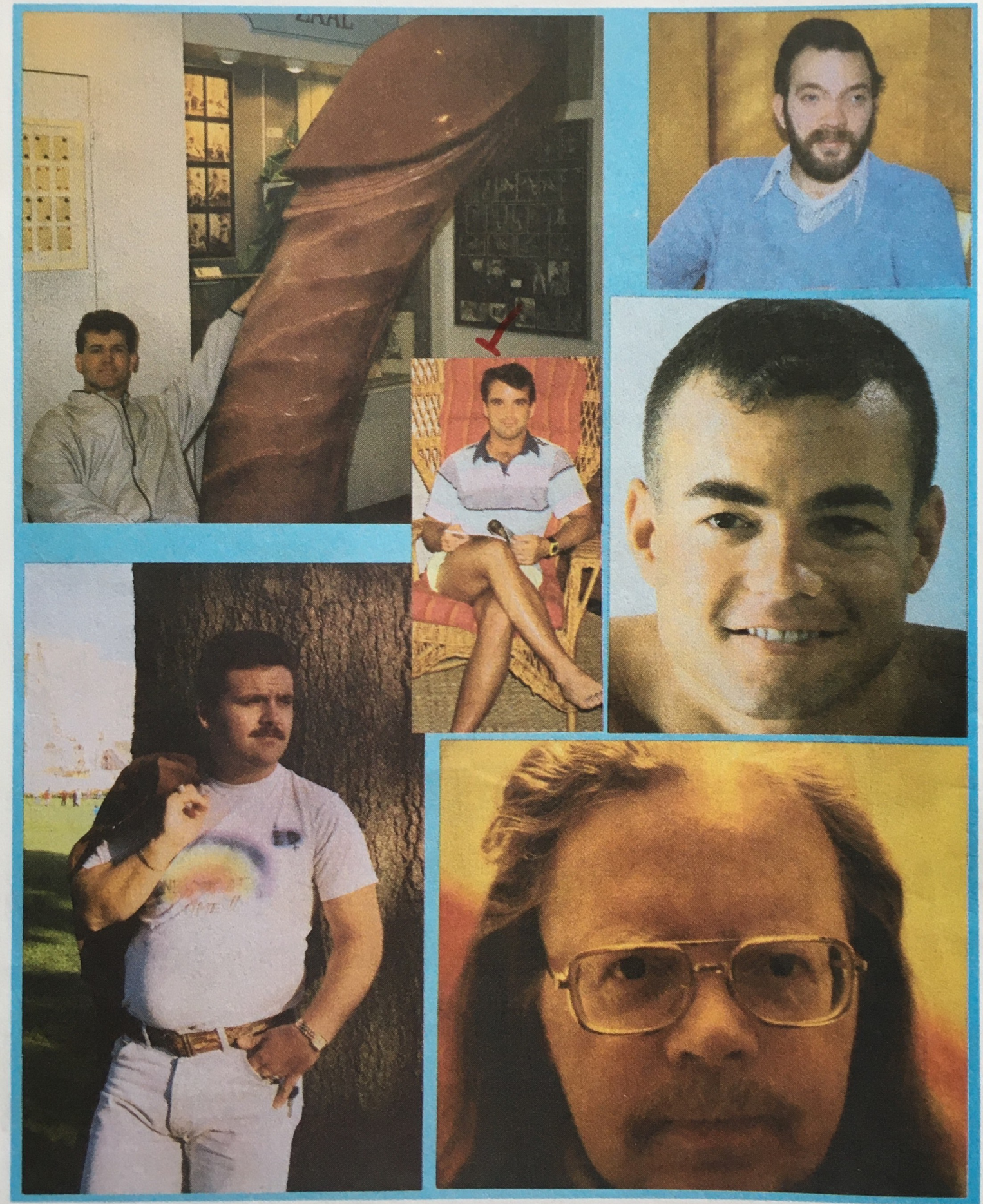


Clockwise from upper left: **STUD** - photo by ARIES; **RED MOON** - photo by WOTAN; **SUN n FUN** - photo by ROY; **WILD BILL** - photo by ART





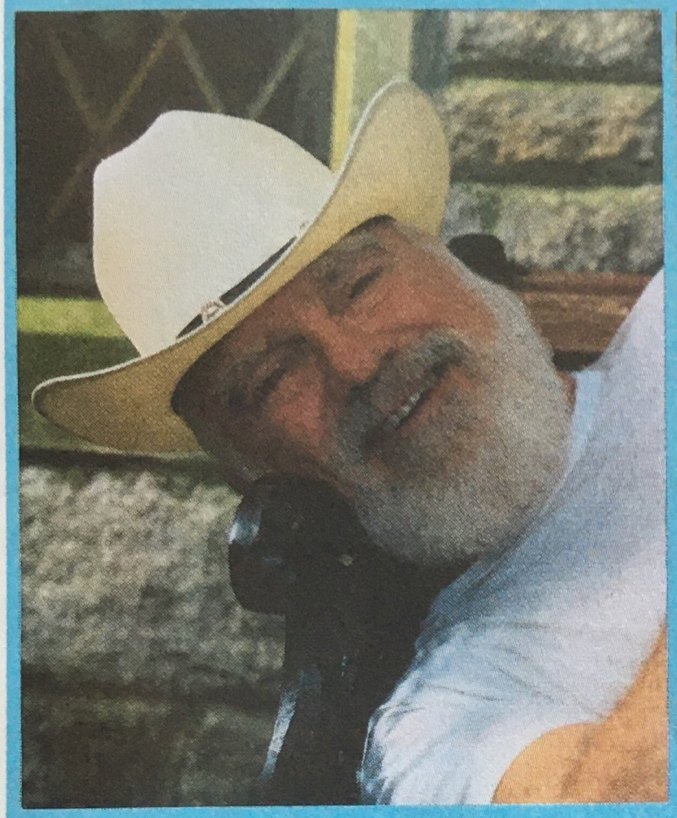
Clockwise from upper left: **NUTMEGGERS** - photo by SEARS; **DON & MARCUS** - photo by JOEL; **DENNY & BIG MAC** - photo by P.H. COLLEY; **YOGI & BOO BOO** - photo by OLAN MILLS

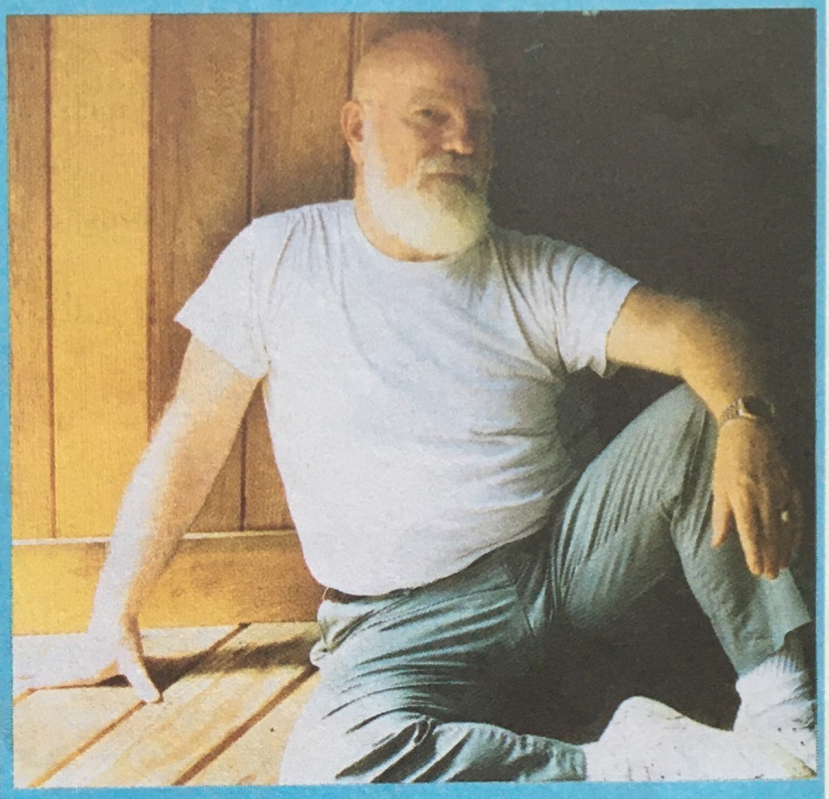


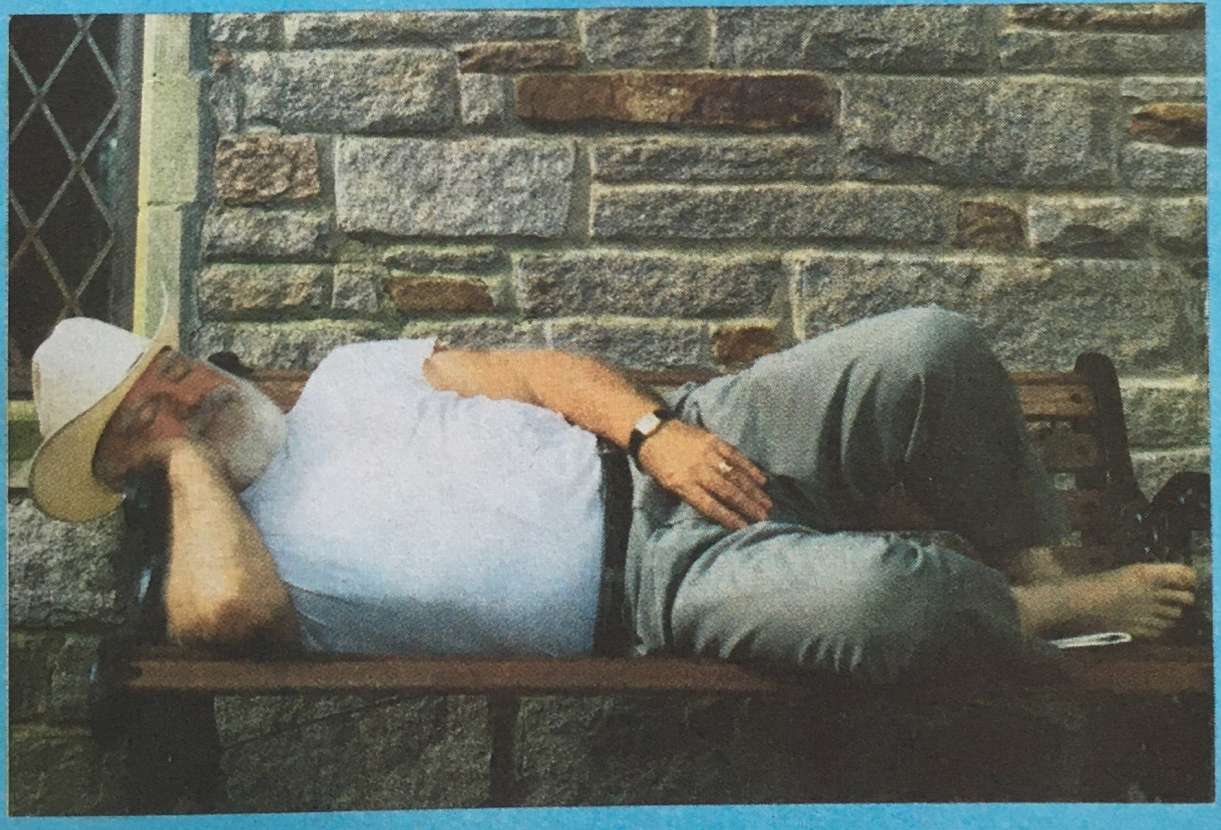
Clockwise from upper left: **RAYMOND** - photo by DEREK; **GROVER** - photo by JACK WELLS; **SPRINGER** - photo by TRAVIS STONE; **PATRICK** - photo by ALEX; **YOUNG BUCK** - a self portrait; (center) **A.J.** - photo by SANDEE

GREYBEARD

photos by SONNY







POTPOURI: NUDE BARTENDERS, DULCIMER PLAYERS AND A MOON FOR LES

Clockwise from top: **JOSÉ VALLS** - photo by INCOGNITO; **TUCKER** - photo by ALAN LAVER; **THE WRANGLER** - photo by LES

THE POETRY OF

PATRICK O'CONNOR

This poem is for and about Angel R. and in memory of "Johnny's Pub."

At 65, Patrick O'Connor has realized his dream of becoming a ski instructor at Killington, Vermont. Along the way, he excelled at a few other vocations, such as senior book editor, publishing executive, distinguished writing and publishing lecturer, dance/theater critic, and published poet. His new book, ***So Far So Good: A Memoir****, will be published September '93 by Moyer Bell.*

ECCE HOMO

The old queens of the city, especially the fat ones
Whom age has withered and custom staled, who
"Hang out" in GH and The Town House
Forgoing the penultimate Ovaltine for one last fling
Have reason to rejoice.

Jesus is back from Puerto Rico:
New York City fireman,
Six-foot-two of island-sunshine,
Winner of the San Juan Golden Gloves;
Golden skin, unwrinkled;
Massive, straight shoulders, unbent;
Slim waist, legs of oak, lustrous brown hair,
A modified (non-frightening) Afro;
A smile that would melt the heart of a Vice Squad Cop.

A beauty, Jesus boogies, "Macho, macho, macho man."
As Jesus dances ("like a butterfly," —no sting)
The old men in the bar say, "There is the man."

At Jesus' christening a Caribbean fairy delivered
A blessing and a curse "He shall be happy
All the days of his life and love only fat old men."
It is difficult to tell a Puerto Rican curse from a Puerto Rican blessing.

Saturday night: Jesus soars.
In the chubby chaser, gerontophile Bar
Known to its friends as the Elephant's Graveyard
Jesus finds a soaring partner:
A retired Marine, civil engineer, minor stroke victim.
The Marine is filled with fear from the ministrations of Jesus;
Thinks: money and death (violent); retreats.

Jesus smiles, puts his magic-honey hand
On the palsied arm. Fear melts.
Jesus takes the ex-Colonel home and treats him with the
Exquisite tenderness (island-Indian)
The Colonel did not know seventy-three years ago
In Elmira, New York.

Jesus, fortunately, is promiscuous, but
He remains friends with his soaring partners;
Buys small presents out of his fireman's salary,
Remembers birthdays, visits hospitals,
Attends funerals where he is often the only mourner.

Jesus' promiscuity is a gift from God,
Otherwise numberless old men of Manhattan would never know
Before retiring to the empty room with the hated sister in Perth Amboy,
The Mary Manning Walsh Home for the Aged, The Veterans Hospital,
The golden, warming, island-sunshine, tender touch of blessed Jesus.

F O R U M

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

Whatever happened to THE BIKER? R.G./New York

He changed his model name to THOM. PHC

Whatever happened to RUSSIAN BEAR? D.F./Seattle

He let his subscription lapse, but we hear he's living in Hawaii and denying he's the RUSSIAN BEAR. PHC

Whatever happened to the raunchy special issues you used to publish? I'd kill for a copy of that November 89 ENCORE COLLECTION I've heard so much about. E.H./ Peoria

Our printer won't publish hard-core and our distributor won't handle it. Even if both would, we wouldn't want to take the chance on selling it in certain states. For those of you who want explicit, uncensored photos of older men and fans getting it on, we highly recommend CENTAUR Magazine, which is available only through subscription and cannot be purchased in bookstores. CENTAUR is published bimonthly and costs only $24 per year (Canada: $36; Elsewhere: $40). This black & white, digest-sized (6-1/2 X 8-1/2) publication also contains fiction, personal ads and articles of interest to seniors and fans. Check it out. CENTAUR Magazine, P.O. Box 621, Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240. PHC

THE FLUTIST/FLAUTIST DEBATE, AD NAUSEUM
(Continued from Issues 54 & 55)

[Left on our answering machine by Bruce's straight, smart-assed, daughter-in-law, who is a PhD candidate:] The word is FLAUTIST! Door **vaporized!** NV/Dallas

Pursuant to the flutist/flautist saga going on in the FORUM, I heard a CD of this great sax/flute/piccolo player by the name of Nelson Rangell, who is to jazz/progressive/new age music what Galway is to classical. No, he's probably technically **better** than Galway. When I heard him on KTWV (The Wave) in Los Angeles, I couldn't believe a human could play like that. The sound purity and technique were phenomenal. Turn Finney Edwards on to this guy! Great *flautist*, and he's not a bad *sauxophonist* either! J.P.R./Los Angeles

THE ANTI-YOUNG MODEL DEBATE, AD NAUSEUM

More pictures of 45+ men. Stop putting younger men in CR. There are enough other magazines that give them plenty of space. Be unique. J.P./Connecticut

At first I thought you were devoting too much press to a handful of very uninformed crybabies, but since the debate came up at a party I was attending recently, it appears there are more idiots out there than I thought. So here goes my two cents worth. Listen up, airheads! ***Read the magazine!*** CR has taken great pains to spell it all out for you, but you just keep on whining. As yet, there is no viable market for a magazine which offers only photos of older men. As Mr. Colley has explained tens of times, the magazine didn't begin to flourish until he began publishing photos of younger fans of older men. That attracted the older men who like younger men. I don't like younger men either, but I'm awfully glad that older men who are turned on to younger guys (like me) now read CR! The magazine is balanced and attracts readers from older who like older, younger who like older, and older who like younger. If CR dropped younger models, there would be no CR. Stop complaining and be glad that CR exists! E.D./New York

TRUE COMING OUT STORIES

Several years ago you rejected a story I submitted about how my grandfather lovingly brought me out when I was eleven. At the time, you said you couldn't publish anything which appeared to glorify pedophilia. Since then I've seen lots of stories in other magazines about boys being brought out by men. How come they can do it but you can't? J.D./Phoenix

At the time I rejected subject story, we'd been advised by an attorney in Long Beach that such stories could get us into hot water. A few months back, however, while discussing a matter of postal theft, I asked the regional Postal Inspector what the Feds now classify as child pornography. The inspector said that Federal prosecutors were trying only cases of photographic and videographic child pornography. He said that publications featuring artwork and text depicting sex between minors and adults were not being prosecuted . . . at present . . . because convictions were too hard to come by. This revelation does not change our position, however. In spite of the fact that I have fond memories of sexual episodes with adults (at my instigation) when I was 12, we do not condone pedophilia. The advent of a more liberal administration notwithstanding, the U.S. Postal Inspector is under a hell of a lot of pressure to convict manufacturers and distributors of child pornography. The religious right is frothing at the mouth. That pressure could easily cause the Feds to change their tactics and guidelines in any direction to appease the zealots. Other magazines should tread lightly. PHC

MORE ON THE STAR OF *THE LOST LANGUAGE OF CRANES*

I wanted to jot off a note for a number of things. First and foremost is, of course, the publication of your magazine. I've known of its existence for only a year now, and that knowledge was a very pleasant surprise. As so many have said before, I am one of a doubly misunderstood group; first because I am exclusively interested in *men*, and second, because I am exclusively interested in *older* men. The latter comes from the gay community itself. I hope to one day meet someone with old *CR* issues and issues of the previous publication, *SWAN*. I've been buying copies from our local bookstore in hopes that they will continue to carry *CR*, keeping it available in this area. A second thank-you is for the article on Silver Fox hunting in the Bay Area. Through it, I learned for the first time of the San Francisco bar called The

Swallow. A great atmosphere, and a number of very handsome men frequent the place. I chatted there one evening with last issue's coverman, THE BANKER. Nice fellow. Thanks number three is for your making available the address for ordering the Jenny Jones tape on May/December relationships *[REVIEWS - Issue #53]*. I ordered it at once and enjoyed it very much, even to the inclusion of that nasty Paul Cameron. I've seen him on other talk shows, but he's never been made to look as ridiculous as he did that day. Bravo for our guys! I later wrote two of the couples through you and received a wonderful note from JOEL and THOM. They are very special people. It was JOEL's first photograph of CARL that initially wowed me about CR. CARL and I have been writing for some time now, and I look forward to his visit to California. Historically the "road to hell" is paved with good intentions. I had taped the program you requested two issues back, *The Lost Language of Cranes*, and would be glad to send you a copy. At this late date, I feel sure that more than one reader have already done this. Instead, I am sending another program which was aired shortly after it, called *The Cloning of Johanna May*. The very sexy Brian Cox also stars in this one and is much more sexual in it than in *Cranes*, though in Johanna, he plays a heterosexual. There is a brief shot of rear nudity in one of the latter scenes; you will enjoy that! I, too, was drawn to him in *Cranes*. A very attractive man! I hope you enjoy this tape, and if, by chance, you didn't receive a copy of *Cranes*, please drop me a line or call, and I will be glad to copy it for you. Again, many thanks for the above, and keep up the good work. Your magazine is a breath of fresh air after all the others full of bleached-haired, anorexic surfer-types. Ever best from here. D.D./Northern California

We received several copies of Cranes *and gave excess to needy seniors. Much thanks. PHC*

THANKS AND A WELCOME FROM G & M NORTH CAROLINA

Having just finished Issue #53, I must congratulate you on another great issue. Love "The Rescue" by OCHO. Regret the tragedy of it, but a good point was made, maybe giving hope to those with a drinking problem. The photos this time offered variety for everyone. For me, KIM and the RAM drawing on page 12 would be my "10". FRANZ, MARTY and HAM are also up my alley. I was happy to see FORUM in a more positive manner for a change. It is too bad certain buttholes have to engage in a negative manner—messing up things for the CR GATHERING in Orlando. As a member and president of GIRTH & MIRTH-NORTH CAROLINA, I want to thank you for the write-up you gave us. Please let your subscribers know that they are most welcome in our club. In fact, at 44, I am one of the oldest members-currently. R.M.Y./ North Carolina

Many G & M Clubs welcome older men, and we support them wholeheartedly. We always announce their regional and national functions when we hear about them. We've even sent some chapters gift boxes of back issues to pass out at meetings. Unfortunately, with the exception of North Carolina, Golden Gate and a couple of others, most G & M Clubs don't even respond to our written offers to send such gifts. Worse, no club has mentioned our Gathering in their newsletters—in spite of the fact that ABC, the G & M hierarchy, received—and ignored— a formal invitation to be part of same. Hey, Bigmen, what happened to reciprocal courtesy? PHC

AND HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE PISSED OFF

Gentlemen, what the hell has happened to common sense in this country? If TV offends you, turn it off or change the channel. If a straight marine is afraid to let a gay one see him naked in the shower, such shrinking sensitivity does not really belong in the service. If a gay soldier cannot control himself, he doesn't belong there either. Could not both simply keep soapy nether regions at a safe eighteen-inch distance and be brave . . . with no groping and no fight? All right-to-life activists should be adopting unwanted babies instead of shooting doctors or hounding women who do not want to be mothers. Why do they not comprehend that abortions go on, whether it is legal or not? Have you noted how many of these noble fanatics are men? Perhaps instead of trying to enforce their own morality on others, they should be made to count the sacred seed which so often gets freely spent on barren ground. Is this the land of the free? Don't tell me what to do, what to think, or how to meet my own problems. That's a no-no, un-American. What the revolution was all about. Go your own way, but don't try to drag me along. If you resort to guns (today's answer for so many situations), don't be surprised by counterfire. Public patience can be pushed beyond a safe limit. Enough said. ROY ELMO/Texas

THESE EDITORS ARE ALL ALIKE

At the risk of stepping over the boundaries of my territory, I would like to point out to you the correct spelling of the vibrant city of BINGHAMTON, NY. *[We spelled it "BINGHAMPTON" on page 22 of Issue #55 - PHC]*. I believe the city was mentioned in the previous issue, too. As an alien, I must constantly ask for the reason why a word is constructed in a given way. Maybe the settlers in the U.S. wanted to alienate themselves from the British by naming only (at least) three cities for Southampton: one in NH, one in PA, and one in NE. If so, why are there so many Hampton (NH, AR, FL, GA, IA, MN, NY, NE, OR, SC, TN, and VA)? There is a North Hampton in NH. There is a Westhampton Beach, NY. Not having a computer, I find it time-consuming to look for endings such as —hampton, —ham, and —hamton, but a few additional to the above listed are Benham (KY), Cobham Bay (VA), and Bingham (ME, NM, and NE). I do not have any immediate access to an encyclopedia, but a dictionary lists two persons by the family name Bingham: a "socialite" and a "painter"; maybe there was some local settler, mayor, or industrialist who lent his name to Binghamton, NY. President Bush does not like broccoli; Mr. Bingham apparently did not like P's. Thank you very much for yet another great success in #55. The letters from the readers are just wonderful. You and Bruce certainly deserve all the roses and praise. Your editorial contributions are warm and enlightening. About the interview with our John J. McNeill, I am absolutely overwhelmed to learn how much suffering and abuse a great man has to sustain to become a Saint. My friend is upset that I am sending you this. "But what can you expect from a nit-pick," he says. He is a (lost) Roman Catholic, of course, so I'm used to snide remarks. He

says that the Pope is after me, too. That's probably because I find some of his Cardinals and his other birds quite attractive. We Protestants always tried to skim the best cream from the Catholics. THE VIKING/Somewhere in Pennsylvania

THE VIKING is relentless and goes mad with a red pen. Very little gets by him, as you can see from the above. What makes this "nit-pick" so special is the fact that English is his second language. PHC

AND ANOTHER LOVABLE NIT-PICK

Crack the whip on your editors. On your #55 masthead page, you misspelled "transcendental." Ray T on page 44 wasn't in the table of contents or the profiles pages. Lastly, in THE FINAL WORD, "slander suit" should have read "libel suit." Please indulge my little joy of finding errors in such a superbly edited magazine. You've come a long way since the SWAN days. JB/Portland

This should be a good time to explain that neither THE VIKING nor CHARLES CHIARELLI were in a position to detect these errors before we went to press, otherwise the boo-boos wouldn't be there. THE VIKING is the co-editor of CR CLASSICS and does literary consulting work on CR. CHIARELLI is the editor of CR and co-editor of CR CLASSICS. I also wear the editor's hat, but my primary tasks are to consolidate and reformat material from my editors and write the masthead, all captions and notes. I also write and/or edit HEALTH, BRIEFS, FORUM, PROFILES and THE FINAL WORD. All the errors listed above were exclusively mine and not the fault of our wonderful editors. Refer to BRIEFS in this issue to see what we're doing about improving our literacy. PHC

SWEET MEMORIES OF DUDE

In spite of the fact that there are a lot of gay and bisexual men in my neck of the woods, the "gay life" is practically nonexistent in rural and small-town Iowa. I prefer men over 40 and in order to make any kind of contact, my chances increase when I travel to bigger towns such as St. Louis, Iowa City and Davenport. I had a life partner 22 years my senior with whom I had 11 wonderful years until a stroke took him away in September of 1991. I called him "Dude." We met in October of 1980, when he came to my fraternity house in search of a frat brother (member of his church) to go on an over-night fishing trip. We spent the night in a cabin, sleeping by a fireplace. As my frat brother slept, Dude made his move. He was married at the time, and I was a 22-year-old virgin. He was a burly, masculine man, possessing a rich baritone voice and a thick coat of curly, sandy-colored chest hair. What I remember most was the rush I felt when he pulled me toward him and guided my hand to his fat appendage. It felt like seven inches of warm silk over a rigid pole. At the end was a mushroom head covering the palm of my hand. It was the first time I had seen another male's erection and tasted my reward from his loins. Because his job took him on the road, we were capable of spending much time together as I accompanied him. While focusing my attention on our relationship, my grades suffered. I lost my standing on the football team and had to return to Chicago, while he remained with his family in Western Illinois. But we continued to talk on the phone daily, and I travelled to see him every two weeks. His wife always suspected another woman but found out differently in 1985. As he showered, she went through his wallet and found my picture, along with a love letter. The divorce was quick and amicable. I was stationed in Germany at the time and was eventually discharged in 1986. Coming home to a free man, I didn't hesitate to transplant myself from Chicago to his arms. At times our relationship was sexually open, but we loved only each other. His loss was my greatest fear—my worst nightmare come true. I miss him very much, but I continue to go on because I know he wants me to thrive and make him as proud as I was of him. Due to our procrastination regarding his estate, I lost everything to his daughters. I was told by some lawyers that a palimony suit wouldn't fly in Iowa. Still, I got the better end of the deal, because his family only knew the side of his persona that was expected of him: the straight male. I, on the other hand, knew his complete persona. Through your publication, I hope to find a love as deep and rewarding as that which I had with my Dude. After I give Uncle Sam his share of my income, I will extend my subscription. Finally, from my readings of CR, I see that you sometimes donate subscriptions to men who want to join the CR family but can't quite fit it in their budget, so I hope you will accept the extra $20 toward providing a subscription for a needy brother. Once again, thank you and the CR staff for fulfilling a great publication need. A.P./ Iowa

SWEET MEMORIES OF GENE

I lost my beautiful lover of seven wonderful years on December 30th of this past year. Gene suffered complications resulting from a heart attack and two strokes and couldn't overcome them. We were fortunate to have met you guys at Mardi Gras one year, although we did not have the opportunity to build upon a personal friendship. We both loved your publication and as a result, met many wonderful men of whom we built special relationships. Thank you so much. Over the past several years, I have read many beautiful letters and comments in CR concerning the passing of friends and loved ones. If at all possible, please place a little thank-you in CR for me in regards to the many telephone calls and cards I received over the past few months. Again, thank you for a great magazine and I wish you much success in the coming years. B.T./Pompano Beach

IT WASN'T THE END AFTER ALL

What CR HAS done for me is difficult to explain. When I first subscribed to your old SWAN Magazine after just moving to Yucca Valley to spend my retirement years alone, I had the privilege of meeting both of you at Earl's party in Morongo Valley. I mentioned that I had never been fortunate enough to have a live-in lover because I had always supported and taken care of my paraplegic mother until she passed away. Then in 1980, I had to have my prostate gland removed on the advice of my doctor, and I naturally felt that my life in the gay world had ended. Who would want someone of my age and new disability? So I more or less turned into a loner, feeling sorry for myself and absorbing the love that was offered me by my three little adopted dogs, Buster, Wendy and Happy. The next time we met, you and Bruce suggested that I run an ad, as you felt that I would get to

meet many fine gentlemen that way. I then submitted my wording for an ad and asked you to read it to see if you thought it was good enough for submittal. You, my dear friend Pat, wrote back, advising that it was fine, but you suggested a newer approach: sending a photo of myself for you to print in CR. As you said, I would get many more replies that way. To say I was hesitant would be putting it mildly, as I had never been this forward in my life. Thank God I decided to follow your advice. You printed my photo in Issue #53, and soon the letters began pouring in. Every day I looked forward to receiving my mail, and, sure enough, there would be one or two letters from CR readers. I received 16 replies, not only in the U.S. but also from Switzerland, Australia, etc. Some of them were from couples wanting just friendship. I answered those immediately, thanking them for writing but also advising them of what I truly wanted: to find a mate of my own so that I could live my life with a true love like they were doing. Much to my surprise, these great fellows understood and gave my address to single friends, resulting in another 15 replies. I think 31 replies is a good response, don't you? And I believe that they will continue to pour in. I never in my wildest dreams ever believed that my photo would draw such a response, especially since I always felt that I was just an average guy with not much to offer. I have met three fellows thus far, and believe me, all are great men. So to you fellows who are all alone and feeling sorry for yourself like I was, I say to you: take a chance and send in a photo. Your life will be better for it. I don't know what will come out of all this, but I just wanted to let you know how very happy and pleased I've been from following your advice. I've made many new friendships and have met a possible new lifemate to share the rest of my life with. No firm decision has been made yet, but I do feel that my days of loneliness are over. I hope that my results will give you encouragement and help you to realize just how much good you do for all of us seniors who thought that our lives had ended. Bless you both from the bottom of my heart. SAGITTARIUS/ Yucca Valley, CA

BASIC NEEDS IN LIFE ARE FEW, AND THERE ARE MANY WANTS

I wish I could find some other way rather than these written words to express my sincere gratitude and appreciation for the wonderful things that have happened (and are happening) in my life due to the publication of CR. I became acquainted with CR during a trip to California in 1990. My gay ex-roommate in college knew of my interest in mature men and he took me to a bookstore in West Hollywood to purchase your magazine. I cannot thank him enough for making me aware of your publication. CR has opened a new world for me—a new life. Before I discovered your publication, I lived a life based upon wishes, hopes and dreams. This lifestyle never really offered an opportunity for me to explore myself or others to any extent. It seemed that I was trying to live only upon these three attributes. That turned out to be a big mistake. I have come to realize that part of the problem I experienced was due to the fact that I was living in the past. I grew up in a broken home with an absent father. I guess I should have seen what was coming, but I was young and naive. When my parents got divorced, I suddenly became "the man of the house". Unfortunately, it was also a time when I needed the nurturing of a father the most. Since 1970, I have become acquainted with many men who have become "surrogate fathers" to me. Their words, life experiences, and examples became vital parts of what I felt I needed. In my own mind I made them to be a larger part of my life than they really were. Recently, I have had to learn to break the strings of the past and continue with my life. It has been a difficult struggle, but I do try. I recently went through some tremendous financial troubles due to poor guidance and personal carelessness. This was something that I should have foreseen many years ago. I guess it was my way of trying to make my wishes, hopes and dreams come a bit closer to reality. Fortunately, I have been able to work things out with the help of a wonderful credit counselor, and my lifestyle has become a bit more stable. The last few months have been very difficult for me. These financial woes, along with not having a companion, has made me realize how much of my life was wasted. There have been times when I felt that suicide was the only way out. Luckily, I have been educated and exposed to many wonderful people who have taught me the value of life and my possible importance to other lives. Suicide is not an answer. I have always wondered how my life would have turned out had I met the right person early in my life. I wish there would have been someone with me to see what I was doing to myself and offered some type of guidance. After reading CR, I have come to find out that I must live my own life and learn to take blame (and pride) for my own actions. I have realized the mistakes I have made in my life. I thank you for allowing me to see the truth of my errors. It seems that CR is published with the belief that we are responsible for our own lives, our actions, and, most importantly, our futures. I feel your publication is devoted not only to the mature man and its admirers, but also to the way life can be as one reaches maturity. I am trying to find ways to become happy and content with myself. I find it to be one of the most difficult things to do in life. The worst part (and the tragedy of this whole situation) is the fear I have of achieving happiness and contentment. I fear the possibility of losing it again, as I had done so once in the past. My life is now in a rebuilding process, both personally and financially. I don't know how long it will be before I am able to meet someone to share a life, but there is one thing I have learned through this troubled experience: *basic needs in life are few, and there are many wants*. I read this slogan once in a magazine many, many years ago. I never realized its truth until this past year. I want to make sure that I am not the only person who will ever be affected by CR. I am fortunate to have a secondary job that allows me to earn some extra money. It's not much, but it is enough for me to use as I please. Enclosed is a check for my renewal subscription as well as enough to allow someone else to enjoy the wonderful advantages of CR. May it help guide others as it has guided me. L.M./Michigan

L.M./Michigan's letter hits home like a laser. It could have been written about me. My salvation came when I met Bruce (aka THE FRIAR), who inspired me to reach ever higher and share the fruits of my ascent. And speaking of sharing, our subscribers have donated so many gift renewals that we have a hefty surplus. So now we're offering original gift subscriptions to financially burdened seniors and senior lovers. If you know

someone who needs some help and would appreciate CR, have them write us. Note: The names of benefactors are not given out. Recipients of gift subscriptions are required to write thank-you notes to benefactors by coded mail. PHC

GETTING BLOOD OUT OF A TURNIP

I recently purchased a "budget pack" of adult magazines which includes four magazine issues, dated. Included in that pack was the CR Spring/Summer '92 special issue with the cover removed. My first viewing was quick and I must admit I was somewhat put off by the lengthy pages of type. But, after some time, curiosity got the better of me, and I started to read the novel. In no time, I was hooked. It came as a complete surprise to discover an excellently written piece of fiction which was not an insult to anyone of some intelligence. Anonymous/ Milwaukee

Welcome to the world of magazine publication and distribution. Publisher sends out thousands of substantially discounted issues to book stores and wholesalers world-wide. Those copies which are unsold by off-sale date are "destroyed" by tearing off the front covers and sending them back for full credit. Unfortunately, some bookstores (how many is anyone's guess) sell the defaced issues in budget packs instead of destroying them. Since they get full credit for the tear covers, they are essentially selling something they got for nothing. But it could be worse. Some of our previous distributor's wholesalers didn't bother sending back torn-off covers. They sent back affidavits swearing that they sold only a handful of our issues, even though the bookstores they serviced told us that CR had sold quite briskly. Some bookstores called us to complain that they couldn't get enough copies. To big magazines, this is an inconvenience. To us, it is gang rape without the use of condoms or lube. PHC

VINTAGE MEN

I am a volunteer worker with the Victorian AIDS council. The Older Men's Project (now known as VINTAGE MEN) was originally funded by the Council to promote safe sex practices amongst older men who have sex with other men. Difficulty was experienced in convening the group as many were still closeted, isolated and/or alienated from the gay community, and some do not identify themselves as gay. However, by persistence, the group grows and flourishes. It very soon became evident that far more support than just safe sex education was needed. The group demonstrates a strong need for attention to self-esteem, socialisation and a broad education experience. We now average seventy members at a meeting and offer an ever-widening range of activities. We've even had one or two marriages within the group. The Victorian AIDS Council still afford us some support, but because our activities now far exceed the limit of the Council's funding program, we have become semi-autonomous. Most of our members are either retired pensioners or unemployed due to the current depression in Australia. Nevertheless, by careful budgeting and keeping membership fees as low as possible, we are managing. A copy of your magazine (Issue #47) was purchased in a local sex shop and greatly admired by myself and the rest of the group. This sort of thing is invaluable in raising self-esteem and pride within a culture that is so youth-orientated. We also consider that the quality of writing and the standards and values exponed are far higher than those usually met with in other and irresponsible gay magazines. I read that subscriptions can sometimes be donated, and I write to enquire whether it is possible VINTAGE MEN can become subscribers in this manner. If not, would you please advise what the cost would be to receive the magazine in Australia and I will endeavour to try and raise the necessary funds. R.M.J./VINTAGE MEN - Richmond, Victoria, AUSTRALIA

In our quest to go international and get the word out all over the world, we've been seeking out senior men's groups like the above. We've provided VINTAGE MEN and some of their members with donated subscriptions with the understanding that they pass their issues to others and help spread the message across Australia. We've also given some of the members complimentary classified ads to jump start communication throughout that wonderful country. Wouldn't it be great if all these pockets of men we've found (so far) in Australia, England, Sweden and Finland became affiliated with PRIME TIMERS INTERNATIONAL and started building some clout? Maybe the media—especially the gay mainstream media—will finally sit up and take notice. PHC

P.S. I saw a film on late night television last night called "Together Alone," which would be an excellent teaching tool or discussion starter. I have enquired about distribution in Oz (Australia), but the only information I got was "Forefront Films" - U.S. Do you know them or the film at all? Is it available in California? If it is possible to purchase a copy, please let us know. VINTAGE MEN/Australia

Readers? If anyone call help, write VINTAGE MEN in care of CR. PHC

HE GAVE UP AT 27

What's up? For me, I'm doing okay these days. I'm writing you to tell you why I'm not renewing my subscription to your mag. I just turned 27 and always had fallen for guys twice my age. But it seems like nobody wants me, and that's okay, because I have my family even though it's not the same. I like men like BULLFINCH, BUZZ, GENTLE BEN, THE ENGLISH SQUIRE, to name a few. I'd like to have a Daddy—someone to spend my life with. Someone that I can take care of like a wife would a husband. But, anyway, that's the reason why. Nobody out there for me. I was thinking maybe you should put a Dear Anny part in your mag and call it Dear Daddy. Just an idea. Take care, and may God be on your side. YOUNG BUCK (Issue #46)

In my mind, YOUNG BUCK is one of the sexiest and best looking models we've ever presented. He's muscular, stocky, rugged and has a smile that could melt an iceberg. The guy seems very sincere, too. So what went wrong? For one thing, our surge of older subscribers seeking younger men didn't really start until Issue #47. Moreover, YOUNG BUCK does not correspond as eloquently as others. But worst of all, we screwed up the model identification in that issue, causing confusion. Since he certainly shouldn't be left to think that there is no one out there for him, we have decided to give him a subscription extension and publish his photo again. PHC

THE COLD, ICY MOONS OF NEPTUNE

I really enjoyed the story *REDEMPTION . . .* (*CR CLASSICS* Fall/Winter 92/93). I really could identify with the main character. I could sense that you put a lot of who you are into that story, Pat, and that is why I liked it. I enjoyed how it ended. (Okay, I like happy endings.) I also liked a story you published a few years back about a young guy meeting an older, blind guy. I think it was called "The View from the Bridge" or something like that. I would love to see more stories like *REDEMPTION* and "The View . . . " I read other gay magazines once in a while, but they lack the warmth, the sense of family that CR has. Compared to CR, they are like being on one of the cold, icy moons of Neptune (two billion miles from the sun), and CR is like springtime on planet earth. JACK WELLS/Philadelphia

IT'S NOT TOO LATE AT 75 EITHER

Thank you for a great magazine. I have been a subscriber almost from the start when you were called SWAN. After losing my lover of 24 years, I thought, at 75, I would spend the rest of my life alone. But, after corresponding with many guys and meeting several nice ones, I have met the right one. He saw my photo in CR and answered my ad about two years ago. He lives about 250 miles from me, but we have managed to get together quite often. We hope to be in our new home in Nevada before winter. Thank God, there are some younger guys who like older men. I am enclosing a check for a gift subscription to benefit someone who cannot afford to pay. I hope he will be as lucky as I. Thanks again for CR and hope it continues for many years. We both enjoy reading it very much. Look forward to seeing you in Orlando. CANCER/S.F. Bay Area

THE PERIODICAL, OBLIGATORY EXPLANATION OF OUR NAME

I just finished two editions of CR. It was (and still is) exciting to read and read again, to look at the models and the artwork/cartoons. I must tell you that the mixture you establish in CR is the finest I have ever read in a magazine of its kind. FORUM and IN CLOSING *[now called THE FINAL WORD]* are very informative, most photographs are excellent, the fiction of FUZZTONE is delighting, and the artwork of RAM is exciting. Sometimes I would like a little more explicitness, including final action, but I have no idea about U.S. laws. Now, I have a question. In one of the articles was a note about the history of the name "Chiron." You answered that one should read the older issue, which explains everything. But I do not have this issue, so I ask you: is it the centaur Chiron of the Greek myth, teacher of Theseus and other heroes; the centaur wounded by Heracles; the god who gave his immortality to Prometheus? Or is it that asteroid far from planet earth? W.R./Germany

Both. We changed the name of our magazine from SWAN to CHIRON RISING after we were threatened with a trademark infringement lawsuit. Hurrying to avoid an injunction against our December 89 issue, we hastily renamed our little rag. Since we were calling our readers "Silver Centaurs" anyway, we had RAM create a centaur mascot/logo and hit the mythology books for the name of the most noble of the man/beasts. Finding that noble Chiron had a familiar heavenly body named after him, we felt that we'd received a sign from the gods. After all, both Bruce and I had the planetoid on our ascendants at the time of birth. In other words, we had Chiron rising in our charts. PHC

ENTHUSIASM IN UPSTATE NEW YORK

I'm a 32-year-old factory worker from western upstate New York, and about a week ago, quite by accident, I came across your magazine. After quickly thumbing through Issue #53, I started looking around and found three other back issues. Instantly, I went right to the register to purchase them just like I had struck gold and didn't want anyone else to know. Your magazine finally lets me know I'm not the only one who appreciates older men. All of my friends (who mainly like boys) have a million magazines and videos to choose from, and I thought I would be without forever. Well, after finding CR, I'm in heaven! I'm ordering all back issues available and you'll have my subscription soon. Where do you find all these gorgeous older men? I still can't believe it. It's like you designed this magazine just for me. When I saw men like THE COLONEL, BIG PAW, FLORES, BUNK, WALTER MITTY, THOM, SCOTT, I went crazy. And after reading the articles, I feel as though I know many of these men. It's just like one big happy family. My lover and I are already trying to make vacation arrangements to attend the CR Gathering in Orlando. Labrador/Rochester

ZIPPER STRIKES AGAIN

I have been decidedly remiss in letting you know how I feel about your publication, to-wit: Cheers! Vay! Hosanna! and Good on yer, mate! On one of my all-too-infrequent jaunts over to San Diego, I happened into a, shall we say, "adult-oriented" bookstore. Well, that's a bald-faced lie: I went in there with the express purpose of finding some good smut to carry home. Anyway, among the usual handsome and hung young men, there was ZIPPER, giving me the eye! And, having retrieved my chin from the linoleum, I gingerly lifted CR from the rack. Where oh where had THIS been all my life? Well, needless to say, I purchased my first mature man magazine, and, having secreted it about my person, stole back to my room and devoured each and every word. And, OH, the men! Real, honest-to-God men! I'm afraid that cliché about sticky pages proved itself again. But, being naturally shy and retiring, except maybe after a couple of drinks, it has taken me this long to respond to a model, per the enclosed. Being new at this sort of thing, I'm not sure what to expect. I wait with bated breath. Anyway, know that CR is very much appreciated in the desert and that you and THE FRIAR and ZIPPER and NIPPER, etc., really seem like family now. (Anyone for incest?) Thanks for being there! DESERT RAT/Southern California

BUT DOES OUTBACK JACK KNOW?

This is KOALA BEAR writing. My request is for you and your magazine not to publish any material such as photos or stories concerning me sent in by OUTBACK JACK, as we are no longer pals, just friends. Thank you for past issues. Also, please do not forward any correspondence letters to me. KOALA

BEAR/Australia

Uhhh . . . okay. PHC

DADDY MAGAZINE CONTINUES

Thanks for everything. You're getting better. Of all my magazines, yours is the one that gets borrowed (and not returned) most often. With the demise of DADDY, you are even more cherished. I wish I could do something more personal for you all. Will just have to wait a while till I get myself organized here. A friend of mine said, "You're a dirty old man. That's what I like about you." I'd like to say the same thing about you. Keep it up. N.K./Southern California

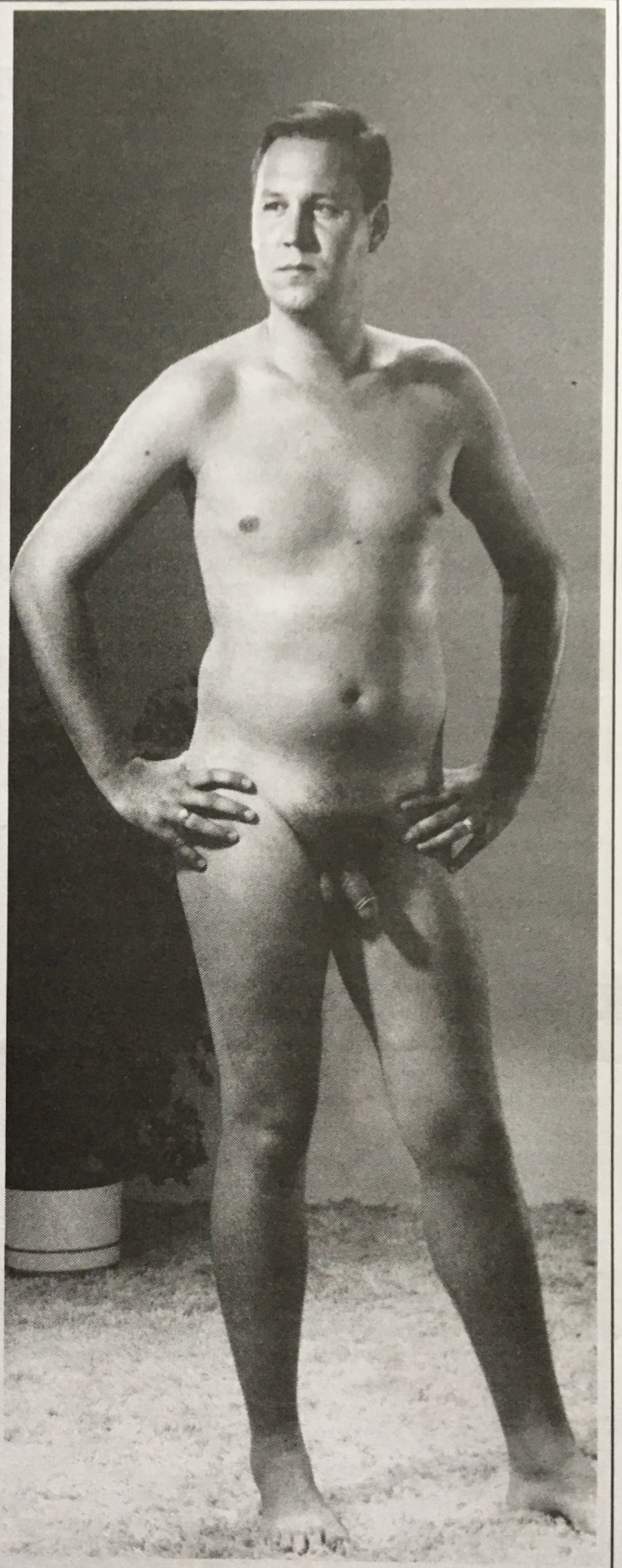
DADDY is back. Write The Ganymede Press, Inc., 1735 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, MD 21201. PHC

THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS

Thank you. The receipt of your letter jarred me into writing. I have been terribly remiss about not writing "Z-117" and I deeply apologize. I guess ever since I received word of the donated renewal of my subscription, I have just felt rather strange about it. I do deeply appreciate it, but at the same time, I have wondered how to react to it. You see, I have been a loner for a long time. If I could not afford something, I did without it. To quote the immortal Bard: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." Now all of a sudden, someone I do not know nor have ever met has graciously donated a subscription to me in my time of need. Such an act of chivalry and kindness to a stranger is unfortunately rare in the world today. The gang at CR must indeed be quite a special group of caring souls in an uncaring world. Thank you for letting me be a part of it. Oh, by the way, I thoroughly enjoyed REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR. It was a masterpiece of mature erotica! M.L./Indiana

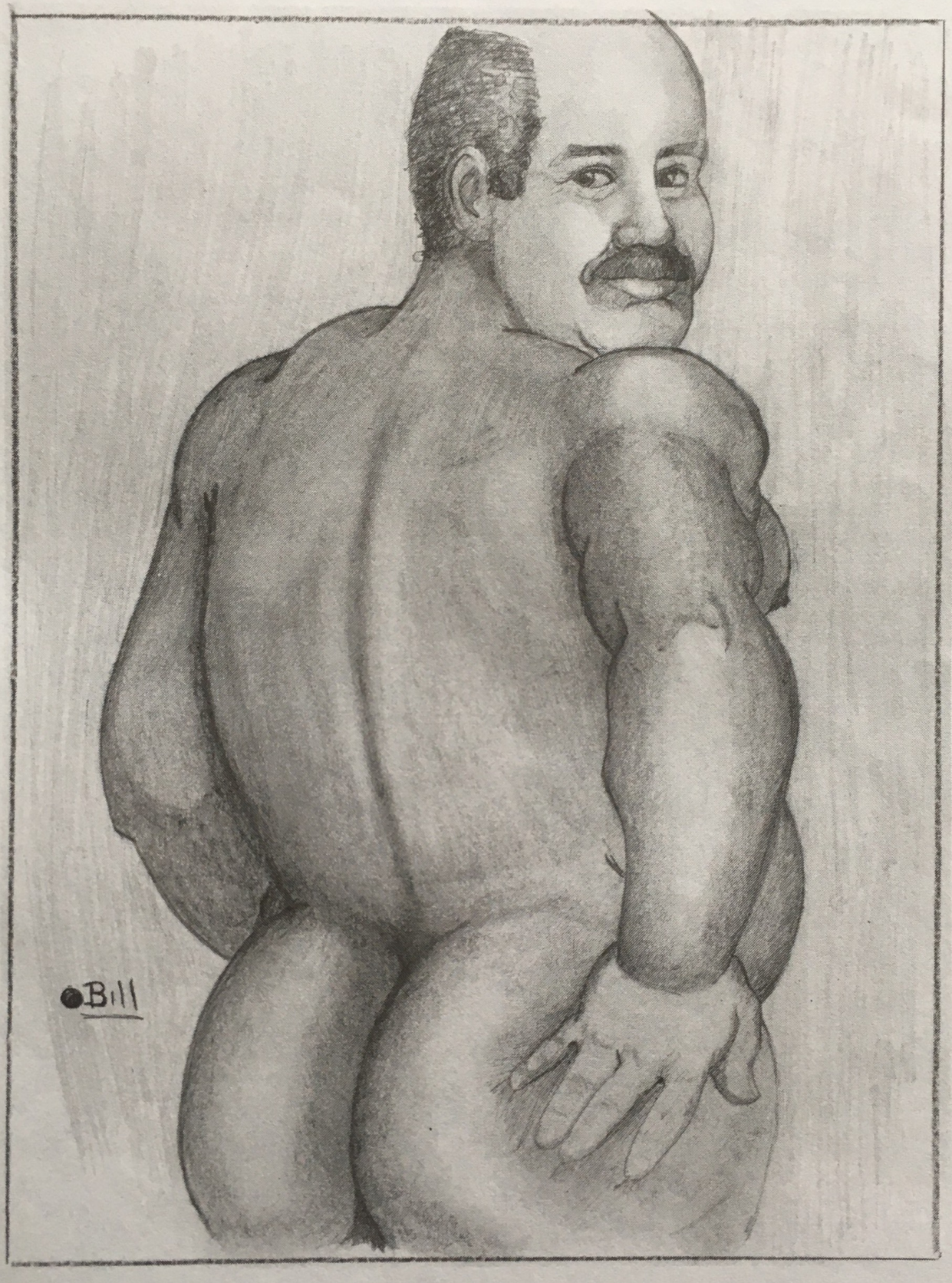
I must ask myself why I should be the lucky recipient of someone's—and a total stranger at that—generosity. No answers are forthcoming, but I am not going to refuse the gift any more than I would reject the giver. Surely your gentle hand must be involved and I am so very indebted to you. I can only pray that not only will I one day soon be able to pay my own way, but I will be in a position to assist someone whose journey through life is more a struggle than a stroll. In Denver we have snow, and it's inhospitably cold. But you and "Z-126" have conspired to create within me the warmth and kindness of spring. 'Fess up—are you an angel? C.L./Denver

I can just imagine some people reading C.L.'s last question and spewing coffee across the room. I am hardly an angel and have been known to throw bricks at people who throw rocks at me. I'm a snarling advocate for senior men--closeted or otherwise-- and am not well-liked by the mainstream gay media. The angels are the caring, benevolent VIP subscribers and friends who've been donating free subscriptions anonymously for years. These same men, along with our contributors, staff and other supporters, form the core of our brotherhood. They have never ceased giving encouragement and direction while Bruce and I groped our way through the mine fields and pitfalls of publishing such a unique magazine. PHC



BARNEY . . . photo by TCS

THE ARTWORK OF BILL III



D.C. LUKE **photo by FLASH**

B R I E F S

CR EXPANDS STAFF

We proudly announce the addition to our editorial staff of that dynamic duo, MARSH CASSADY and JIM KITCHEN. Both will function as contributing editors and help us out in the areas of editing, rewriting and literary contribution. MARSH, 57, is the distinguished author of 26 books, both fiction and nonfiction. Many of his books have been adopted into the theatre curricula at universities from coast to coast. Holding a Ph.D. in theatre, he is now co-publisher of *Crazyquilt*, a mainstream literary quarterly. JIM, 73, holds a Ph.D. in political science and was a professor of public administration and urban studies. He was also a Fulbright lecturer and taught in Pakistan. He is currently co-publisher and editor-in-chief of *Crazyquilt*. With talent like the above gentlemen, CHARLES CHIARELLI and THE VIKING, we're going to start turning many more heads.

THE NEW LOOK OF *CR & CR CLASSICS*

While reeling from the financially disastrous six-issue fiasco with our previous distributor, we decided we had to cut deeply or borrow more money until our new distributor got us back on our feet. Since the cost for using 80 pound glossy paper instead of 50 pound bookstock for our color work constituted a whopping 50% of the total press run price, we wondered how our readers would react if we changed from glossy to non-glossy color. So we did a random telephone survey throughout the months of February and March. As readers called about other matters, we asked approximately 100 of them what they thought. Tabulating the results of the verbal survey and the recommendations for improvement written on many of the renewal slips, we came up with some very interesting data:

1. When asked if readers would prefer 16 pages of non-glossy color over 8 pages of glossy color, 100% of those surveyed said yes.

2. The most recommended change on the renewal form was, "More color photographs."

3. The second most requested improvement was, "More pages."

4. In third place was, "Print on thicker paper."

Other interesting comments:

a) "I don't like glossy because it reflects light and is hard to read."

b) "With a glossy cover, you look just like all the rest of the rags on the book store shelves. Can't you change your magazine to stand out more?"

c) "Magazines with glossy covers can be passed around from person to person for years without becoming dog-eared. Bookstock can't. More people might buy their own copies."

We listened, we acted, and we saved our butts. Hope you enjoy the NEW *CHIRON RISING* and *CR CLASSICS* Magazines!

AND SPEAKING OF SURVEYS

If the government can send women around to ask men if they've ever had sex with other men, then we can certainly do a survey of our own. But instead of looking you in the eye with a sly grin and asking you provocative questions, we've made it far less stressful. If you would like to join the survey, the results of which will be sent by press release to every major media outlet in the country, please write the question numbers and corresponding answers on a plain piece of paper and send it to us—anonymously, if you like.

1. State your age, race, height, weight, physical condition (excellent, average, fair, poor), and occupation.
2. How important is your sexual identity? *[choose one:]* a) very important, b) moderately important, c) not important
3. I consider myself: *[choose one:]* a) gay, b) bisexual, c) bi-curious, d) mostly straight, e) straight, f) none of the preceding.
4. I am open about my sexuality to: *[choose one:]* a) the world, b) only my family, closest straight friends and others like me, c) only my closest straight friends and others like me, d) only those like me, e) no one
5. Do you truly believe there exists a "gay culture"? *[yes or no]*
6. I am a veteran of: *[choose one:]* a) WWII, b) Korea, c) Vietnam, d) Desert Storm, e) peacetime, f) not a veteran
7. I am a: *[choose one:]* a) Democrat, b) Republican, c) Independent, d) other (specify)
8. I read *CR* and/or *CR CLASSICS* through: *[choose one:]* a) subscription, b) book store purchase, c) roommate/ lifemate's copy, d) friend's copy
9. I estimate that my current copy of *CR* and/or *CR CLASSICS* will be read by: *[state number of people]*
10. I am: *[choose one:]* a) very happy, b) moderately happy, c) rarely happy, d) never happy
11. I'm turned on by: *[physically describe, including age ranges, body sizes, races, etc.]*
12. Do you feel a part of the gay mainstream? *[yes or no]*

Come on, guys. Help us gather enough data to get the attention of the big guns. If the response to this is favorable, we'll do more.

TOGETHER IN '93

PRIME TIMERS will have their Second International Prime Timers Convention in Vancouver, B.C., Canada on October 15th through 17th, 1993. Functions include a Friday cocktail party/banquet/floor show/dance; Saturday breakfast, luncheon and a dinner cruise; and a Sunday windup brunch. Registration closes on September 1, 1993, so you'd better get yourself in gear if you haven't already. The convention will be held at the Chateau Granville Hotel in Vancouver, and the convention package is $125.00 (U.S.) or $150.00 (Canadian). Hotel room rates are $75.00 (U.S.) or $88.00 (Canadian) per night, double occupancy. For more information, contact Roger Drouin, PRIME TIMERS CONVENTION, #204 - 1250 West 12th Avenue, Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6H 1M1, or call (604) 733-0379.

A.B.C. CONVERGENCE '93 IN WASHINGTON, DC

The Bigmen are at it again, and boy do they know how to throw a party! This year, their yearly convergence will take place September 3rd through the 6th. The host hotel will be the Embassy Suites Hotel, and events will include cocktail parties, luncheons, brunches and dinner cruises, to name a few. Registration is $225, if paid by July 15th. Thereafter, it will be $250. For more information contact GIRTH & MIRTH CLUB OF WASHINGTON DC or call (703) 461-9184.

H E A L T H

HAS THE ANTI-FAT PILL FINALLY ARRIVED?

It's amazing how medical news makes the rounds. Here in southern California we have an emergency room doctor by the name of Bruce Hensel. He does medical spots for KNBC television and has been known to come up with some very interesting items—months before the news is picked up by the print media. I consider him one of the best and listen to him very closely. His latest revelation was a short and sweet blockbuster. According to Hensel, there is a study presently going on at an undisclosed location for people who are 40-100 pounds overweight. They are taking a new drug called *Orlistat*, which is being touted as the magic pill to end obesity. Unfortunately, there is no additional information, but we will bring it to you as soon as we hear. For you guys like me who've battled the bulge for years, this could be a godsend. *[Source: KNBC]*

JUST HOW DANGEROUS IS DIABETES?

Diabetes is a disease in which the body doesn't produce or adequately use insulin, a hormone that is needed to convert sugar, starches and other food into the energy needed for survival. The cause of diabetes is a mystery, but genetics and environment seem to be major factors. This incurable, chronic disease comes in two forms. Type 1, or *insulin-dependent diabetes mellitus* destroys the beta cells of the pancreas, which produce insulin. People with this form must take insulin injections to survive. With type II, or *noninsulin-dependent diabetes mellitus*, the body produces insulin, but not at sufficient levels. In addition, the insulin produced doesn't react properly with its intended receptors on cell membranes. This failure to interact hampers the ability of cells to convert glucose into energy. Type II often affects people over the age of 45. The warning signs of diabetes are: frequent urination, unusual weight loss, extreme fatigue, unusual thirst, extreme hunger, irritability, blurred vision, frequent infections, slow-healing cuts or bruises, and numbness or tingling in hands and feet. The bad news: over 14 million Americans are now diabetic. The worse news: more than half are not aware they have diabetes. A person is diagnosed with some form of the disease every 60 seconds. This year, more than 750,000 people will be diagnosed and over 150,000 will die from complications brought about by the disease. Some of the complications resulting from the disease are blindness, kidney disease, amputations due to vascular problems, heart disease, and stroke. Those most at risk are overweight people over 30 with a family history of diabetes. Blacks and Latinos are 55 percent more likely to have diabetes, while native Americans may be 300 percent more likely to contract the disease.

So what is the outlook for those affected with this very dangerous and hard-to-control disease? A long, healthy life, provided the patient carefully monitors and maintains his blood sugar. Unfortunately, many diabetics feel they are on a roller coaster ride and find that controlling their glucose levels is a laborious, frustrating, never-ending chore. But new findings in molecular biology are helping scientists to better understand the causes of diabetes and may lead to innovative treatment. A recent study has focused on *insulin analog*, which contains slight variations of the normal insulin hormone. The insulin analog currently under development may be faster-acting, easier to use, and therefore more effective than the insulin now available. Insulin analog may lead to more spontaneous lives for diabetics. Research is also being done through DNA cloning, and scientists are optimistic that a cure for this silent killer is on the horizon. *[Sources: Senior Highlights; Capitol News Service]*

STROKE

A stroke is a life-threatening event which disrupts the brain's vital supply of oxygen. Strokes affect the senses, behavior, thought patterns, speech and memory. They can also result in paralysis, coma and death. These cerebrovascular accidents occur when an artery to or in the brain bursts or becomes clogged by a blood clot, cutting off the supply of oxygen to a section of the brain. Brain tissue which is deprived of oxygen dies within minutes, and can result in loss of function to the area of the body controlled by those particular brain cells. High blood pressure and atherosclerosis, the accumulation of fatty plaque in the arteries, increase the risk of stroke.

Symptoms of a stroke are:

1. Loss of speech or difficulty in talking or understanding speech.
2. Sudden weakness or numbness of the face, leg or arm, usually on one side of the body.
3. Unexplained dizziness, unsteadiness, falls.
4. Dimness, unusual halo-like phenomena, or loss of vision in one eye.
5. Sudden, severe headache.

Symptoms of a "stroke warning," or transient ischemic attack (TIA) are similar to the above, only they are reversible. Essentially, they are mini-strokes. Emergency treatment at this stage often prevents a fatal or disabling stroke from occurring later.

There are various methods for diagnosing a stroke, including neurological examinations, CT (computerized tomography) scans and MRI (magnetic resonance imaging) scans. There are also several effective drug therapies available. But the best therapy is prevention. Avoid heavy drinking and smoking. Control your blood pressure/glucose/cholesterol levels. If your system can tolerate it and your doctor agrees, take low-dose aspirin (baby aspirin is good; Ecotrin, if you have a history of ulcers). Recent studies indicate that garlic, rutin (a bioflavonoid), potassium, and vitamins A and C can greatly reduce your chances of a stroke. A healthy diet and regular exercise won't hurt either. *[Sources: Home Health Handbook]*

CPR (CARDIOPULMONARY RESUSCITATION)

Ask practically anyone what they should do in case their loved one goes into cardiac arrest, and you'll hear, "Call nine-one-one." In response to the question of what to do next, you're likely to hear, "Pray that they get there in time." But unfortunately, there is no time to wait in such situations. After a person's heart and breathing have stopped, brain damage begins in 4 to 6 minutes, followed by death. "But I don't know CPR," you say?

If you care about someone, regardless of their age or physical condition, you owe it to them to be prepared for the worst case scenario. Of course, the best approach to learning CPR is to take a course based on the method taught by the American Heart Association. In absence of such training, you can still learn enough on your own to keep your partner or friend alive until the paramedics arrive. Even if you do it wrong and hurt your loved one, isn't surviving with a cracked rib better than dying?

Read the following several times until you get a clear picture

of what to do:

1. **Make sure the person is truly unconscious** and not merely sleeping. Tap him on the chest, shout, and shake the shoulders gently. If this action doesn't produce a response, call for help. If others are present or can be summoned, have them call or send them for help. If you are alone, quickly call 911 and give your precise location, address, telephone number and information about the person's condition. If possible, take the phone to the victim and follow the emergency dispatcher's advice.

2. **Position the victim for CPR.** To do CPR, the person must be lying flat on his back on a straight, firm surface. If the victim is lying face down, he must be rolled over. Do this by rolling the person toward you and with one of your hands supporting the neck as you do so.

3. **Open the airway.** During unconsciousness, the tongue relaxes and can block the airway. To clear the airway, place one of your palms across the forehead and using your other hand, lift the chin up and forward. At the same time, gently push down on the forehead. In this head-tilt, chin-lift maneuver, the chin should be lifted so that the teeth are brought almost together, but the mouth is left slightly open. As the jaw is tilted and the neck is extended, the tongue moves out of the airway. *NOTE: Do not do this maneuver if there is any chance that the person has a neck injury. Instead, move the tongue out of the airway with your fingers.*

4. **Check for breathing.** Sometimes opening the airway is all that is needed for the person to resume breathing. Look to see if the chest is rising and falling, listen for sounds of breathing, and place your cheek next to the victim's nose and mouth to see if you feel air being expelled. Do this for a few seconds. If there are no signs of breathing, repeat step 3.

5. **Begin mouth-to-mouth breathing.** Remove your hand from the victim's forehead and pinch his nostrils together. Take a deep breath and place your open mouth completely over the victim's mouth. Exhale completely into the person's mouth. Repeat 4 times.

6. **Check the pulse.** Put two fingers into the groove between the Adam's apple and the neck muscle on the side next to you. The pulse of the carotid artery should be felt here. Move your fingers around if you don't feel it at once, and keep trying for 5 or 10 seconds.

7. **If there is no pulse, begin chest compressions.** The objective is to take over for the heart and maintain circulation until medical help arrives. This is done, in effect, by squeezing the heart between the breastbone and the back bone. The chest compression creates a positive pressure that forces blood out of the heart and into the aorta on its way to the brain and other vital organs. When you release the pressure, blood flows back into the heart from the venous system. To do chest compressions, you should:

a. Kneel next to the victim's chest, midway between the shoulder and waist.

b. Find the tip of the breast bone and measure two finger widths above it with one hand. Place the heel of your other hand in the center of the breast bone and flush with the two fingers. This will place the heel of your hand on the most sturdy section of the breast bone and in the proper position for chest compressions. After the one hand is properly centered, place the other hand directly on top of it.

c. Shift your weight forward, and with your elbows locked, bear down on the victim's chest, compressing it 1.5 to 2 inches.

d. Compress the chest for about a half second, then relax it for a half second, compress again, and so forth. As you compress and relax, count, "1 and 2 and 3 and 4 and 5." Each time you reach 5, you should have done 5 chest compressions.

e. After you have done 15 compressions, by counting to 5 three times, take your hands off the chest, and place them on the neck and forehead as before. Pinch the nostrils, then administer 2 strong breaths into the victim's mouth.

f. Resume the position for chest compressions, and do 15 more. After 4 cycles of compressions and mouth-to-mouth breathing, check again for a pulse and breathing.

g. If neither the pulse nor breathing have returned, resume the CPR. Continue until help arrives, the victim revives, or you can no longer continue.

If possible, get a chart on CPR and have it available for refreshing your memory. Your telephone book just might have it in the front with all the other emergency information.

A great way to learn CPR is to do walk-throughs without the breathing and compressions with your healthy loved one. You never know what fun it might lead to. *[Source: American Heart Association]*

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

Is an enchanted, secluded bed and breakfast house perched atop a mountain in the midst of an ancient redwood forest. Guests are pampered with elegantly appointed rooms, gourmet breakfasts, a spa, breathtaking views of the Russian River, and the wafting fragrance of thousands of flowers. Located north of San Francisco near the coast and west of Santa Rosa. Come stay with PAPA and BABY BEAR. For more information, write: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, P.O. Box 369, Monte Rio, CA 95462, or call (707) 632-5571.

C. Areny, 33 - Tel. 367189
17.310 LLORET DE MAR
(Girona) Costa Brava

MUSIC WITH FINNEY AND JOHN

FAD OR FUTURE CLASSIC?

Górecki, Henryk: Symphony No. 3 (Opus 36, 1976). "Symphony of Sorrowful Songs." London Sinfonietta. David Zinman, Conductor; Dawn Upshaw, Soprano. Elektra Nonesuch CD 79282-2: 1992. Time: 52:52.

The music world is buzzing with comments and opinions about Górecki's *Symphony No. 3*, the "Symphony of Sorrowful Songs." Leading the way is the recent article appearing in the March 8, 1993 issue of *Time* Magazine. After reading *Time*'s report, one is left with the question, "Does this work fall into the category of a fad, or will it stand the test of time and become a true classic? How will the work be regarded in ten or twenty years from now?"

This symphony is a massive work in three incredibly slow tempo movements. There are no sprightly melodies, and the listener will not be able to hum excerpts even after several hearings. The few basic themes of the symphony are ultra-simplistic. The composer sticks with the traditional seven-tone major and minor diatonic scale. No innovations are presented. In addition he utilizes fifths extensively. (These are notes set five tones apart and are considered the most pleasing combinations of notes to the Western world ear.) The work is scored for a "sinfonietta," one definition of which is "a string orchestra." The composer relies heavily on repetition. For example, a brief and limited theme is introduced in the opening line of the string basses. Successive string instruments are added as the theme is repeated and grows from an almost imperceptible pianissimo to an earth-shaking fortissimo. Orchestration of the work is lush and often powerful as layer upon layer of instrumentation is added.

The first movement of the symphony is marked *Lento-Sostenuto Tranquillo Ma Cantabile* (slowly, with a sustained tranquil singing style). This lengthy movement, of gothic construction, runs more than 25 minutes. It opens with a whisper by the string basses and builds to the entrance of the soprano's sorrowful lament. Soprano Dawn Upshaw rides the crest of the music and presents a crystal-clear solo above a full volume orchestral background. The listener can soar with the soprano to the very gates of heaven. It is very easy to picture a dimly lit medieval European cathedral with a procession of hooded monks. If one chooses secular images, it is easy to visualize the building crashing of waves against a rocky shore. The movement ends as it began—with a whisper.

In the second movement, marked *Lento E Largo—Tranquillissimo* (slow and stately and with tranquility) there is a turn from the previous movement of darkness and despair. It opens with a fresh and somewhat lighter theme. The darkness and fog are lifted. Soprano Upshaw exhibits absolute vocal control for this very difficult soprano score.

Marked *Lento—Cantabile-Semplice* (slow—a simple song), the third and final movement offers music of hope. However, it is not a joyous burst of sound. It implies acceptance leading to hope.

The above comments bring us to the questions about the current popularity of this recently discovered 1976 symphony. (Sales of the CD have reached the top on the pop charts in England.) How and why is this occurring? Are we seeing a repeating situation such as the popularity occurring some years ago of Pachebel's *Canon*? This piece was originally written for string quartet. When it was transcribed for string orchestra, it enjoyed an immediate and immense popularity. Many people think this was brought about by the college students of the day. Perhaps the same youngsters who turned to Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*, or, for the truly romantic youngster, Rod McKuen's *Stanyan Street and Other Sorrows*. In both literature and music, there was a turning to works offering strong emotional experiences.

It is possible that the sudden popularity of Górecki's *Symphony No. 3* offers much more to a much larger audience. There is an obvious relationship of the music to the political history of the composer's native Poland over the past fifty years. Fifty-nine-year-old Górecki has used as one of his texts a short prayer to the Virgin Mary which was scratched on the wall of a Gestapo prison by an 18-year-old girl. Reflection on events such as these by the older generation and the concerns of a large group of today's young people that such events never occur again—this is the message Górecki has presented in musical form to a receptive 1993 world.

The symphony will now be performed by major orchestras throughout the world. More reviews will follow. The test of time will begin. This brings us back to the question of durability. Will the symphony become a major symphonic classic, a musical message from today for the generations which follow us?

Górecki has written a moving and stirring work. It is contemplative and religious in concept. It displays grief and sorrow, yet offers hope. No doubt the composer's life during the Nazi occupation of Poland and the fact that he lived a few short miles from the Auschwitz concentration camp, influenced this work. The composer lost members of his family during World War II, then suffered life under Communist rule. At one point Communist musical supervision forced him to abandon music as his source of income. It is all in the score of his symphony.

We have the word, literally thousands of volumes from around the world, reporting on and commenting on the turmoil of the past fifty years. Music also records these events. Composers from Bach to Shostakovich wrote thousands of musical works—musical monuments to historical events, great and profane. With music and the written word, despair, tragedy, death, brutality, and eventual triumph and glory, have all been recorded. Today many humans around the world feel that at long last there is a glimmer of hope for mankind. Górecki has recorded a part of the world's history for posterity. He has done this forcefully and beautifully. He is being recognized for this accomplishment today. Perhaps future generations will also recognize this accomplishment.

JOHN DAVID THOMAS, the 70-year-old lover/mate of FINNEY EDWARDS, is one of our most fascinating contributors. Having survived heavy combat during WWII in Europe, JOHN returned home to a full scholarship at the prestigious Eastman School of Music, followed by a short but brilliant career in music. Abandoning musical performance, he attended the University of Chicago and earned an M.A. in clinical psychology. Later, he changed directions again to become a senior vice-president with a major financial organization. That mountain scaled, he formed his own public relations and advertising firm with offices in San Francisco and New York. He's presently semi-retired and works 20 hours per week as a staff member of a nationally affiliated program promoting "work and learn" employment opportunities for low-income senior citizens in San Francisco.

COACH BIGGS

by QUETZAL

SHOWERS
P.E. STAFF ONLY
SKRITCH! SKRRATCH!
HUH! ONE O' THE OTHER COACHES MUSTA LEFT HIS JOCK LYIN' AROUND!
Football + Wrest
SCHEDU
YEAH, IT'S TOO SMALL T'BE ONE O' MINE! HMMM... WONDER IF IT BELONGS TO BUDDY, OR IF IT'S DICK'S—?
SWIFF! SNORT! SNERK! AHHH! mmmm...
YUP, THAT'S BUDDY'S!
+ Wrestli
HEDUL
THE LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN' LITTLE DEVIL...
NOT SO MUCH AS A DROP O' SWEAT!
©QUETZAL '93

JOSEPH III

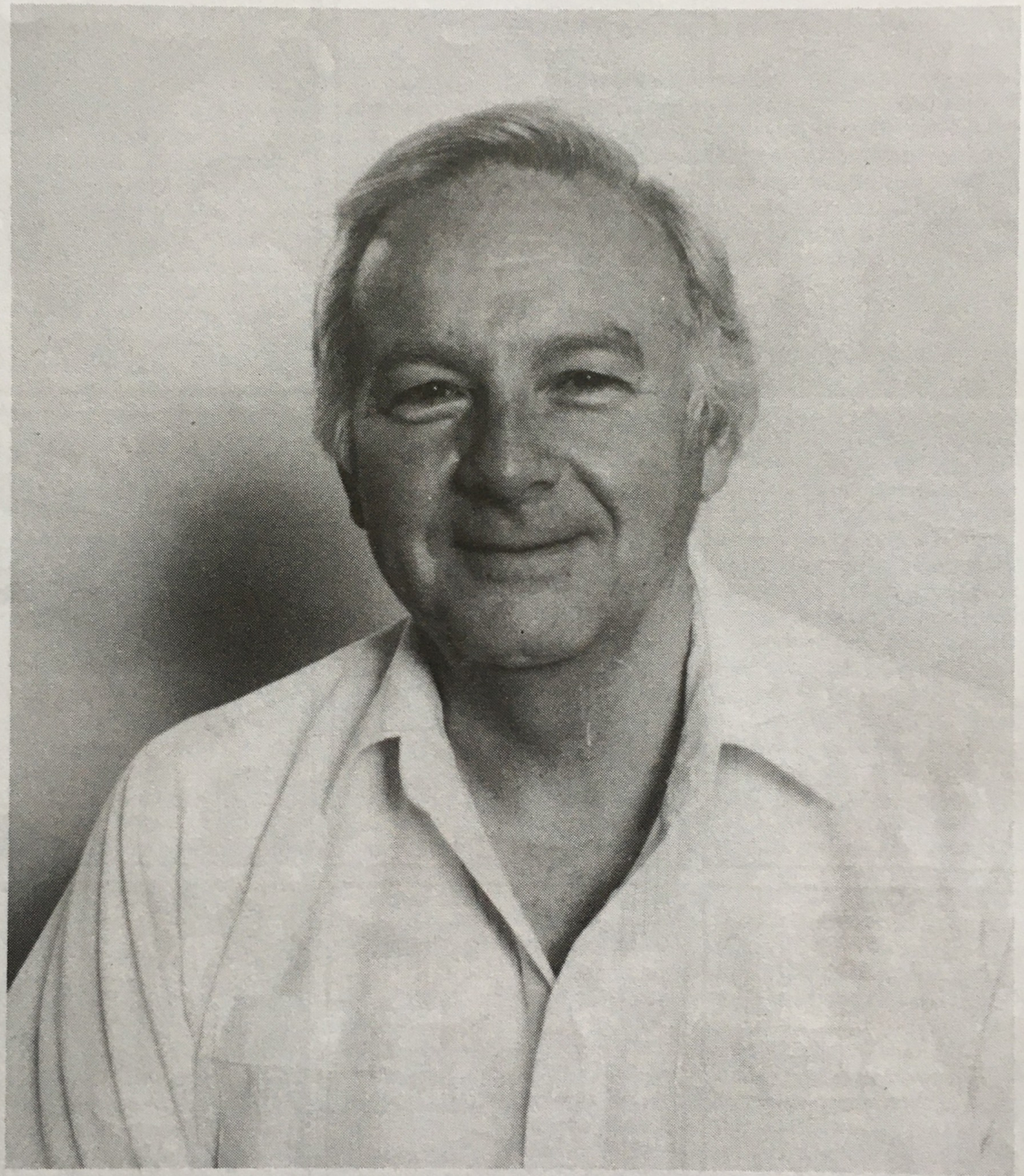


PHOTO BY THORSON

HOW TO BECOME A *CR* MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots in bright sunlight, sex shots, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Some photos might have to be cropped to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

Too shy to become a model? Did you know that, on average, models receive 20+ times the letters that personal advertisers do?

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

CHIRON RISING seeks material that appeals to mature men and their admirers, especially those works which hold our seniors in a positive light. Your creations may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Short stories. We seek fine fiction that appeals to the mind and spirit as well as the gonads. Manuscripts must be less than 14 double-spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration. Please, no standard porn.

—Fine original drawings no larger than 8 X 10. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration or ejaculation.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to our target audience— same as short stories, except limited to 4 or 5 double-spaced pages.

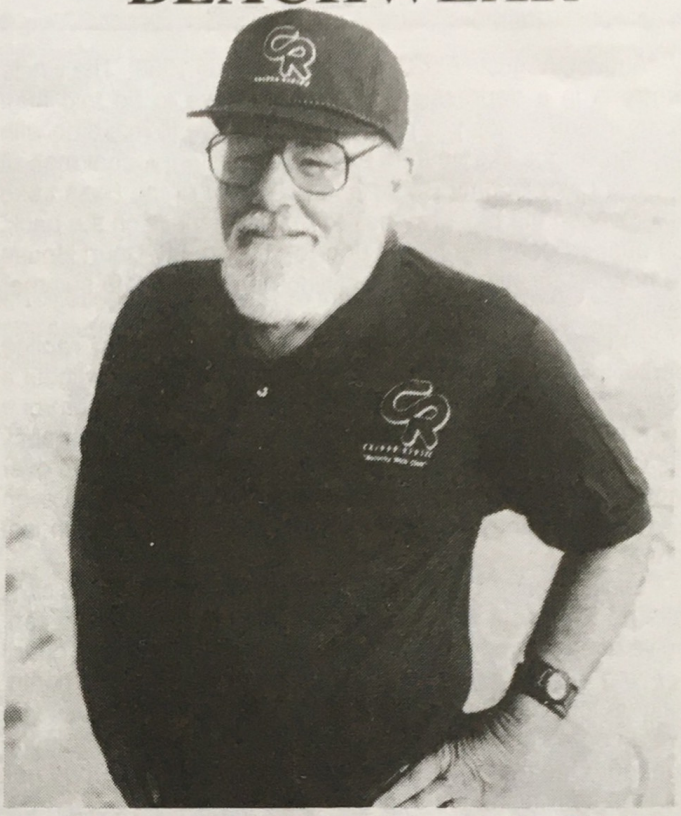
Note: All subjects depicted must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia will not be considered. All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash (professionals only), as agreed to.

HOW TO WRITE*CR* CONTRIBUTORS

Yes, you can easily contact any of our contributors, whether models, artists, writers, photographers or staff. Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil the name of the contributor in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some of our contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient.

NOW AVAILABLE FROM

BIG MAC BEACHWEAR



T-SHIRTS, POLO SHIRTS AND BALL CAPS WITH THE CR LOGO, FEATURING BOTH TASTEFUL (ABOVE) AND OUTRAGEOUS (NOT SHOWN) DESIGNS BY DENNY, BIG MAC AND WALTER MITTY.

AVAILABLE IN NAVY BLUE ON WHITE OR WHITE ON NAVY BLUE--ALL WITH THE QUALITY OF ONEITA AND HANES AND AVAILABLE IN MEDIUM, LARGE, EXTRA LARGE AND EVEN XXL FOR YOU BIG MEN.

OTHER COLOR COMBINATIONS COMING SOON, ALONG WITH BUMPER STICKERS AND OTHER SURPRISES

FOR A FREE BROCHURE, SEND A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE TO:

BIG MAC BEACHWEAR
P.O. BOX 7086
HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92646

If you would like your business advertised in CR, now's a good lime to take advantage of some very low rates. For a rate sheet or more information, contact our display advertising manager, Eldon Klein, at (310) 984-8365 (voice mail) or write to him at TUKAY MEDIA SERVICES, 4102 E. 7th Street, Suite 621, Long Beach, CA 90804.

THE BASS LAKE CHRONICLES: THE TURNING POINT

by D.W. BRECKENRIDGE

"August, August! For Christ's sake, this is 1936! The whole country is in a depression. You don't have to be told that! County sheriff or not, you're just going to have to make do with what you've got, like anyone else!" Albert Henry, chairman of the Bass Lake County Board and president of the Bass Lake Bank clapped the big, grey-haired man paternally on the back, then pushed open the heavy door of the County Court House and headed for his car in the stifling heat of the late summer evening.

"I know we're in a depression, Henry," August replied wearily, following Albert. "But a man can't do his job without a decent set of tires! How in the hell am I supposed to patrol a hundred miles of rutted gravel roads and answer emergency calls from five towns and hundreds of farms if I can't drive over twenty miles an hour for fear of blowing a tire? Christ! I even blew a tire leading the Fourth of July Parade in Windom last month!"

"Look, August. I'm going to tell you straight out. If you can't make do with what we give you, we'll find someone who can. You've been a good sheriff for the county. But the whole board is getting sick of seeing you stand there month after month, telling us that you can't do your job any more just because you have an occasional flat tire. Maybe it's time we found someone younger! One more session like tonight and I'll have one hell of a time convincing the board to keep you on."

Knowing it was useless to continue his plea, August opened the door of the shiny new Packard the banker had just purchased the previous month in Minneapolis. "Sure is a beaut, isn't it?" Henry said proudly as he stepped in and started the powerful engine. "Have to take you for a spin sometime."

Nodding silently, August closed the door.

"Oh, by the way," Henry said through the open window. "I hear there's going to be a real shindig at the Kubek place tonight. Just put up a new barn. Better get on over there; you know how much hell those young bucks can raise. Heard they planned on bringing in a moonshiner from Saint Cloud."

August nodded obediently.

"'Night, August. And you remember what I said now."

After Henry showered his legs with gravel as he sped around the corner, August watched the red tail lights disappear. He walked to the battered 1927 Ford parked across the street, dusted off his boots, and mopped the heavy beads of sweat from his brow. Kicking the front tire angrily, he got into the car and slowly drove out of Bass Lake. He headed south on County Road 13 toward the Kubek farm.

He warily surveyed the moonlit farmyard, still clogged with dust-covered automobiles, farm carts and once-fashionable buggies. Patting the flanks of a team of Belgians patiently waiting with oat bags attached to their muzzles, August heard the sounds of Old Sweeney's accordion and the whoop of country dancers filling the sweet, night air. He watched a steady stream of farmers disappear out the back barn door into the nearby shelter belt, where he knew the hooch would be sold.

"Evenin', Sheriff Upton!" hooted a drunken young farmer. He leaned heavily on the shoulder of his wife as he staggered toward their buggy for the trip home. "Nice to see John Law keepin' an eye on us! Don't want no outsiders showin' up here causin' trouble, now do we?" he shouted in a show of bravado as he attempted to step up into the buggy.

"Frederick Hageman, you just shut your mouth now," demanded his disgusted wife as she hoisted him roughly onto the seat. "Don't mean no harm, August. Just a little too much to drink," she said apologetically.

August had always hated these taunts, these challenges to his appointed authority. After his fiftieth birthday, the barbed greetings, though always couched in humor, had increased dramatically as if he were no longer capable. The people who were treating him with scorn were, on one hand, law-abiding and God-fearing, yet, at the same time, they displayed a streak of ferocious meanness and cruelty which saddened him.

He supposed it might have been different had Millie lived. At least she had kept him active in the church, the social clubs, and had insisted that he occasionally accompany her on their infrequent visits with friends and neighbors on Sunday. After she died, there was no one with whom he felt completely at ease, except for the steady stream of drifters who roamed the countryside in ever-increasing numbers—faceless men bereft of hope, who had lost their dignity and livelihoods as their country abandoned them to the rural byways. They were men ever-seeking a mouthful of food, a kind, understanding word, a day's wages, or a night's lodging before moving on, ever westward.

With each passing year, August craved the kinship of these men who found their way nightly to his door at dusk on the old, isolated homestead his father had carved from the prairie in 1882, but which had lain fallow for eighteen years. It was with them he found a solace from the aching loneliness and sense of hopelessness which seemed to blight his spirit. And not once had he ever considered moving into Bass Lake to take his rightful place within the growing community of his more prosperous peers.

August entered the brightly lit barn and stood next to Martha, Doc Rugney's wife. Spotting the red-faced, sweat-drenched country doctor twirling a pair of young, buxom farm girls around the densely packed dance floor, August muttered, "Damned old fool! End up with a heart attack if he keeps that up."

Doc gave each hot, flushed girl a flirtatious wink and a peck on the cheek after Old Sweeney abruptly stopped the *Butterfly* he'd been playing.

"I think it's time to get the old tupper home to bed," Martha said mirthfully. "When was the last time you had a whirl around the floor, August? Should be you out there, not Doc." She looked at him playfully. "Thirteen years without a woman is a long time, August."

Wanting to get away from her, August was relieved to hear a cry for him from a whiskey-reeking youth who suddenly appeared at his side.

"Sheriff, you gotta come quick! The Klindt boys got that

new hired hand of theirs dead drunk out back, and they're doin' somethin' awful to him! You gotta stop 'em! They're hurtin' him real bad!"

"Doc, you better come with me," August said. "You! Grab one of those lanterns," he ordered the youth.

"Jesus, August, the last thing I want to do right now is patch up some old drunken farm hand. Hell, he should've known better than to mix it up with those Klindt boys anyway!"

"After those sadistic louts finish with him, he may need more than *your* help, Doc. Come on, I need you!"

Not waiting for Doc to think of another excuse, August dragged him out the back door and quickly followed the frightened youth into the dark shelter belt. In the combination of lantern glow and moonlight, August could see a large group of men suddenly flee as he burst into the milling crowd. Slumped on the ground was the moaning form of a nude man whose hands and feet were tightly bound. His head was encased in an old seed bag, firmly cinched at the neck.

"Sonofabitch won't try that again!" snarled the oldest Klindt boy, who suddenly emerged from the perimeter of the group, his four brothers flanked on either side of him. Smirking at August, he kicked the buttocks of the man and stepped over the writhing form.

"What the hell is going on here?" demanded August.

Doc removed the hood and attempted to comfort the man, whose screams of pain made the hair on August's neck stand up.

"Tried to paw little brother, Joseph here, Sheriff, if you know what I mean. Course, you'd know all about that, wouldn't you?" he laughed, then turned to this brothers for added support. "I'll kill the bastard if he ever shows up here again! Figure we don't owe him no wages neither!"

"We're God-fearing people, Sheriff!" someone shouted from the darkness. "Don't want none of his kind around here!"

"Oh my God!" Doc said as he gently rolled the now barely conscious man onto his belly to remove the bonds from his hands and feet. "Jesus, how could they do this? Someone! Get my bag. And get more light! August! Get these people the hell out of here! Now!"

Grabbing the flickering lantern from the ashen-faced youth, August cleared the gathering crowd of curiosity seekers who had followed them from the barn, then knelt beside his old friend.

"Better not look too closely, August," Doc said in a hushed tone. "It's Ted MacKowski, the guy who worked at your place for awhile. Or was," Doc said more soberly.

August's eyes widened as his face went slack. He was only vaguely aware of the youth returning with Doc's bag.

Doc removed a large forceps. "You've got to help me hold him down. He's still conscious, and when I . . . Straddle his back, August! I'll sit on his legs. Kid! Hold the lamp still! And neither of you better look."

August placed his weight on Ted's back and watched in a combination of horror and rage as Doc pushed the metal instrument into the bleeding cavity.

A howl of pain roared from the powerful, struggling form beneath August. Then, with a shudder, the tortured man became eerily still. Turning quickly to look at Doc, August saw him toss a huge, blood-soaked corn cob into the weeds.

"Now bleed, you poor bastard. Bleed until I can get you to town to sew up what's left of your asshole." Doc sighed and peered sadly at August's distorted, anguished face.

"He's not going into town," said August softly. "He's coming home with me." He picked up the slack, bruised body and walked determinedly through the curious crowd of snickering, drunken onlookers.

After doing what he could for Ted, Doc poured another glass of whiskey for himself and an even larger one for his friend. August was tenderly wiping the feverish sweat from Ted's face.

"He's lost a lot of blood, August. I don't know if he'll make it or not," Doc said, looking out the upstairs bedroom window as the sun peeped over the horizon. "You know, I always wondered why you didn't get married again."

August could only stare at the semiconscious man.

"I'm your friend, August. I'm not one to judge. A man can get lonely." Doc contemplated each statement as it emerged unformed, hazy-like from his mind. "An occasional drifter comes by in the evening—looking for a handout, a meal, sometimes a job. Being the sheriff scares most of them off, I suspect." Not anticipating a response from the friend who suddenly seemed a total stranger to him, he continued: "Never can tell about a man, though. Even one you think you've known all your life."

The doctor paused as August's bloodshot eyes turned hotly toward him, fixing him with a look of deep anguish. "What a man does is his own business, August. But here in Bass Lake County . . . "

"What would you know?" August growled in a low, guttural voice.

"I'm your friend. I'd like to help," Doc stated calmly, "if you'll let me. Help me understand, August. You're my friend. I want to understand. That's all."

Appearing to weigh carefully what Doc had said, August slumped in his chair and began speaking as if to no one, his voice a dull monotone. "Millie didn't understand why I had to get away when the war started. She kept saying that I was thirty-two and had the farm and that the crop that year was the best we'd ever had. How could I serve my country any better abroad than right here raising food for the troops? I just knew there was something wrong about our marriage—about me." He took a deep drink of the harsh whiskey. Taking Ted's limp hand in his own, he traced over the blue veins that lay under the thick, brown hair.

"Then Ted showed up one night when Millie was visiting her mother in Nebraska. Millie had decided maybe I should be alone for awhile—maybe that would cure my discontent. Ted just wanted something to eat. And a place to sleep. I couldn't take my eyes off him as he gratefully ate what I had given him. When he finished, he just pushed away his plate and stared straight into my eyes for the longest time. And then he did something funny. He reached across the table and began brushing, ever so lightly, the skin on the underside of my wrist. It was like a bolt of lightning shot through me! He never said a word—just took my hand and led me out to the summer porch, where I sometimes slept alone on a small cot when it was too hot upstairs."

August lit a cigarette after wiping away the tears which had gathered in the corners of his reddened eyes. "For a week, we worked side-by-side, mucking the barn, repairing fences, milking the cows, getting the farm ready for winter. I had never known such a feeling of peace and wholeness in my life. But then Millie returned. She sensed something had happened between us, and a silent sort of war began between Millie and Ted. Nothing was ever said aloud, but I knew it couldn't go on. So did Ted. One morning, he just disappeared."

Feeling uncomfortable yet fascinated, Doc moved to pour himself another drink. After checking Ted's now regular pulse and steady breathing, Doc returned to his chair on the opposite side of the bedroom.

"Three months later, I was in France, where I learned that I

wasn't alone. There were others. I could see it in their eyes. And sometimes in the trenches, when the stars shone brilliantly above, and the air was so sweet it could make you cry . . . " August's voice trailed off, his eyes distant. "When I returned, I gladly took the job as Sheriff and stopped farming, because I had an excuse for not being home at night—I could be away from Millie.

"Each night for two years, winter and summer, I would go to the hobo camp down by the river. There'd always be one or so drifters there, heating up a can of soup, washing their clothes, or just trying to keep warm. Many of them were like me in a way—just home from the war, unable to resume their old lives, unable to fit in again. Too many things had changed inside them. And there'd always seem to be one who'd remind me of Ted and be more than willing to give me what I needed.

"When Millie died suddenly, God forgive me, I didn't feel any sorrow, Doc, only relief. The lies, the painful excuses which Millie never understood were over. There was only . . . "

Carefully scanning Doc's face for a reaction, August sponged Ted's chest and face, then walked to the window. Taking a deep swallow of the burning whiskey, he went on, his voice barely audible.

"Once the depression hit, more and more drifters began showing up. I no longer needed to go to the old hobo camp each night—they came to the farm. Alone, in pairs, always around dusk. It was almost as if they knew what I craved, what I could no longer live without. It was pure hell! and I couldn't stop, even though I knew about the growing rumors and the jokes.

"And then, two months ago, Ted showed up again after all those years. At dusk, as the others always did." He returned to the bedside, grasping Ted's hand again as if for support. "He was sitting on the steps of the back porch when I drove into the yard. It had been eighteen years, but I recognized his lean frame and that thick shock of hair right away. At his side was an old cardboard suitcase, held together with ragged bits of rope. He was holding his shoes, worn clear through, and stuffing bits of cardboard into them. When I came up close, he just looked at me with those clear, brown eyes and said, 'Ev'nin', August,' real soft-like. Sort of like Millie used to sound when she was sad.

"I just kept looking at him, nothing to say that would make sense anyway. And then he said a funny thing, just: 'I'm tired, August. I can't go no further. I've seen the whole damn country, and I'm just tired; tired of the miles, tired of bein' chased from one town to the next, tired of bein' a nobody. I've tried, August. God, how I've tried! But I'm still a nobody. And I've run out of places to go'." Looking with concern at Doc, August lit another cigarette.

"I just nodded. I knew what he meant. I'd seen that look in the eyes of every man who sat on that very same porch, hoping for one more handout, hoping that maybe tomorrow their luck would change, hoping that for a little while they could forget they were at the end of the line.

"He took a bath in the old horse through behind the barn while I gathered some clean clothes and a pair of old shoes for him. Didn't matter the clothes and shoes were too big for him, they were clean; they weren't full of lice.

"He didn't eat much that night. He just kept staring at me as if he were waiting for me to say something. When I finally told him I had to go to the Benson farm to check on a missing cow, he just nodded sadly and looked away.

"It was past midnight when I got back. The house seemed so empty. He wasn't on the summer porch, and his suitcase was gone. I just sat at the kitchen table for an hour, looking back on my life, realizing it was as empty and hopeless as Ted's. I climbed the stairs and stood in the bedroom doorway, happily surprised by what I saw. Ted lay on the bed where Millie used to sleep, the bright summer moonlight falling on him. He didn't move when I lay next to him, but he was hard and I wanted to taste him."

Doc squirmed uncomfortably and took a gulp of whiskey.

"I know you can never understand that, Doc, but that night, I found what I'd wanted all my life. He was go gentle, and the things he said to me, no one had ever said. Not even Millie. And no matter how much I wanted to say how much I loved him, how much I'd missed him all those years, I couldn't. Doc, I couldn't! And I felt him drift away.

"For three weeks he stayed with me. Each night was the same: he begged me, he pleaded with me. But I couldn't say it, Doc. I couldn't say it to another man. It would have meant admitting that my whole life had been a lie, that my marriage to Millie was . . . was . . . " He stubbed out the cigarette. "And then one morning, he was gone," August choked, covering his face with his hands.

"You don't have to say it, August," Ted said weakly from the bed as he opened his eyes and clasped the big man's arm.

Joyful over Ted's return to full consciousness, August caressed his face and leaned over to kiss the swollen, cracked lips. "I love you, Ted. You've always known that. You're home now; you're never going to leave again. You hear me, Ted? Yes, I can say it! I love you, and I don't care who hears it!"

Bright sunlight filled the bedroom as Doc stiffly arose from his chair and moved toward the door. He turned once again, wanting to say something, but knowing he had no words to share with his old friend.

Seeing Doc ready to depart, August left the bedside. "Doc, one last favor." He'd begun to regain his composure and removed the shiny badge from his jacket. He took the squad car keys from his pocket. "Tell Albert I won't be needing these any longer."

"August, for God's sake! You're not serious!" Doc protested.

"I know what I want now, Doc. The land hasn't been plowed for eighteen years. It's rich, waiting. We'll make do. and if we don't, at least I'll know it wasn't because I didn't have the guts to try. It's my last chance, Doc. He's what I've wanted all my life. I'm not letting that go. I can't."

"But August. My God, what will the neighbors and townfolk say when they hear about this?"

"They'll get used to it. They'll just have to. Neither of us'll run away or turn from whatever they might put in our way. Good-bye now, Doc. Good-bye . . . and thanks."

Doc nodded at Ted. "He's not out of the woods yet. He could get an infection . . . "

"I know how to find you, my friend." August extended his hand.

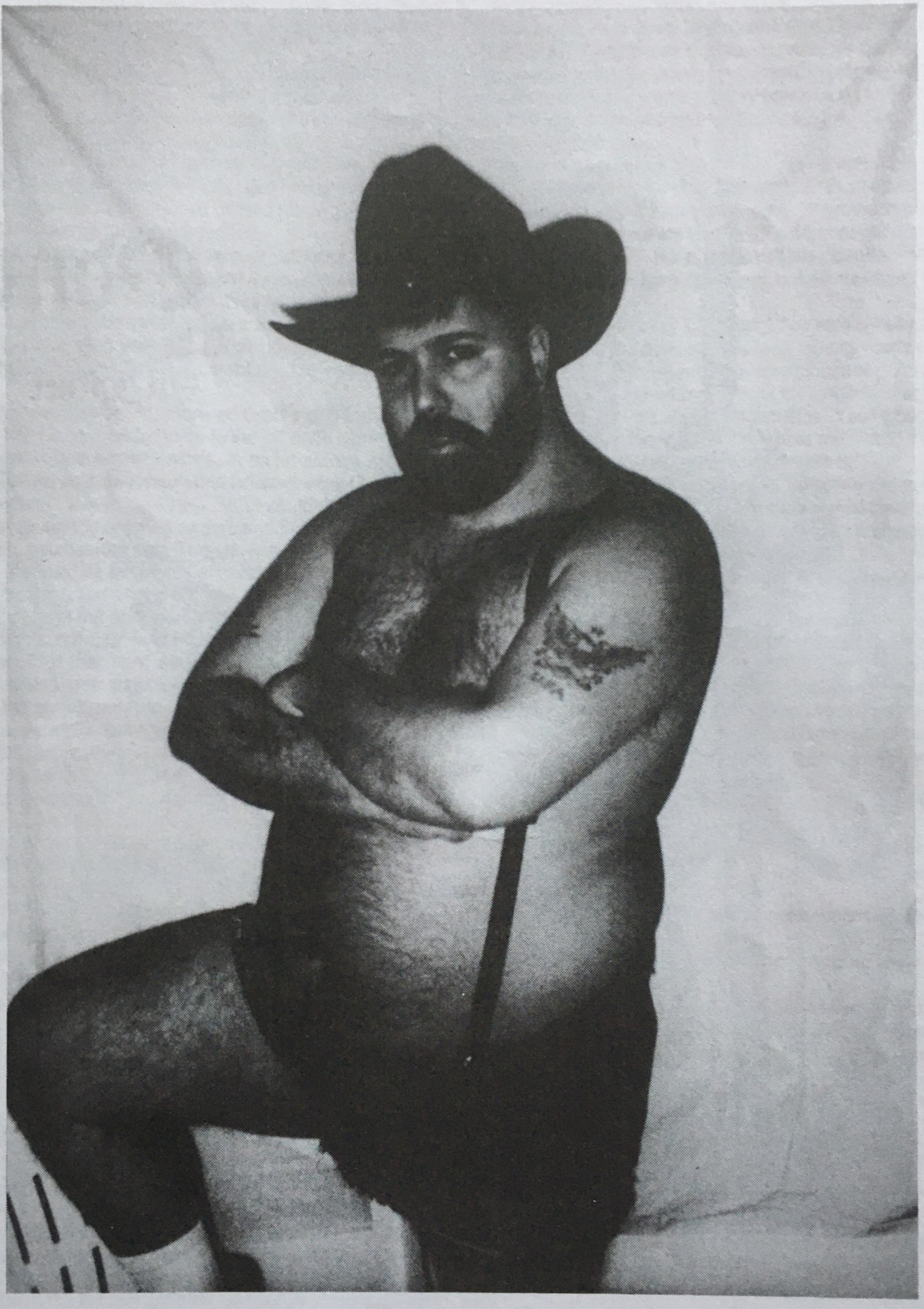
Doc stared at him, then slowly took the keys and badge. "Good-bye, August." Placing them in his pocket, he picked up his black bag and walked to the bedroom door. He turned briefly, glancing first at Ted, then at August.

He left, feeling a combination of deep sorrow and concern, tinged with a hint of awe.

D.W. BRECKENRIDGE is a 52-year-old, overworked public servant who resides in the Twin Cities area. He will be retiring mid-June in order to devote more time to his hearth and home—and his writing!

Odin
The
All-Father
Darkchilde
10/92

MIKE VOLLARO a self portrait



REACHING FOR THE STARS
by MAC MARTIN

My boss in Washington, D.C. had given me a long-term assignment in Venezuela. In January of 1963, I was returning to Caracas from Madrid via Lisbon after a brief Christmas vacation. In those days there were relatively few commercial jet aircraft flying across the Atlantic, particularly between Europe and South America, and the few which covered that route carried a limited number of passengers.

We flew from Madrid to Lisbon late in the afternoon, had dinner at the restaurant of the Lisbon airport, and started our final flight to Caracas late that evening, after taking on three more travelers. We were eleven passengers in the entire cabin of that big old DC9. It was kind of lonesome in there. We only had one flight attendant, and she told me that between December 26th and January 10th the planes were practically empty, but they had to fly in order to keep the route.

The eight of us from Madrid were seated in the back, while the three Portuguese passengers were seated in the front. The airline must have done that, as a rule, to facilitate the booking and ticketing at the respective airports. Anyway, two of the Portuguese were members of the same group of petroleum company workers who were coming from Spain. The two Portuguese therefore joined them in the back, since there were plenty of seats available, leaving the other Portuguese passenger alone in the first row.

There were no in-flight movies at that time, so there was little to do other than read a book, play cards—as several of the passengers were doing—or take a long walk along the wide central aisle, hoping to start a conversation with somebody. Nevertheless, since most of the passengers were members of the same group (two were man and wife who went to sleep almost right away), only the man in the front row and I seemed to be traveling alone. So I went to visit him.

He was slender, yet compact, in his late sixties or early seventies. Not a tall man, he was perhaps five-feet-seven, with grey hair, dark-brown eyes, and a weather-beaten complexion, softened by a rather gentle—indeed, noble--demeanor. He was dressed in black trousers with a neat, white shirt, and no tie, which he had obviously removed to make himself comfortable. He was easy to socialize with: good humored and congenial. We felt comfortable with each other. We liked each other.

He was a widower. His wife had recently died in Venezuela, and then his ancient father had also died in Portugal. He'd come to visit whatever was left of his family: an old sister and some nephews and nieces. He had thought for a while of moving back to Portugal to settle down in his old village. But after his father's death, and after spending almost a month in the Old Country, he had decided to go back home to Maracay, which is a couple of hours from Caracas. He'd been a carpenter all his life, though now he did very little work. He lived comfortably in a house he had built for himself and his family. Only there was no more family: his wife had died, and his only son, married, had moved to Ciudad Bolivar, some eight hundred miles from where he lived.

Talking and talking, and flying west at high speed, all the passengers in the back of the plane had gone to sleep. We were the only two awake in the entire cabin. The flight attendant told us to push the button if we needed anything, and she disappeared beyond the cockpit door.

We kept on talking. Neither of us seemed to be sleepy. I don't remember who was the first to rub the other's knee with his own. I must have been the one, since I was only 41 and probably more aggressive. In any event, it happened very casually, and could even have been unintentional. But it was electric.

We looked at each other and smiled; a lot was said without a word. I looked up and down the aisle, and then I placed my hand on his knee. He put his on mine. My hand got closer to his crotch, and he set his legs a little more apart, easing my reach for the sizeable bundle on the left side of his pants. Then his hand was already on my crotch.

Trembling with excitement, I got up and went for a walk all the way to the back of the cabin to check on the others. All the passengers were sleeping and stretched out on the abundant empty seats. I approached the door to the cockpit, which was only a few feet away. I heard laughter from inside and assumed that there would be no reason for the flight attendant to return.

I returned to my new friend and turned off the overhead lights, which prompted the resumption of our mutual groping. After looking warily up and down the cabin, we kissed hungrily, stopping repeatedly to look around again.

I opened his pants and put my hand inside, sweeping it over his balls, then his large cock. I pulled the penis out and found that it was perfectly formed and fleshy. Digging deeper, I pulled out a tight ball sac which felt unusually heavy in my hand.

He was at once excited and very nervous. When more laughter came from the cockpit, he panicked and pushed my hand away while struggling to zip up his pants. I talked soothing to him, assuring him that there was no need to be afraid if we were careful.

Slowly, he unzipped his pants again, allowing my hand to resume the stroking of his throbbing cock. And then he reached for my crotch with a shaking hand and fought with my

zipper, silently imploring me to take my cock out, which I did.

Looking throughout the cabin again, I descended upon him, kissing him eagerly, feeling my passion rise as he reciprocated. I then realized that we needed a better position and whispered for him to change seats with me.

He did so, and I occupied the window seat. I gestured for him to stand and face me with his back to the aisle. That way he could keep an eye on the whole cabin, and if the flight attendant should come from the cockpit, she would see only his back. In position, I took his cock in my mouth, slowly, all the way in. I felt his whole body tremble and knew that sex under such nerve-fraying circumstances would probably be quick.

As most married men do when being serviced, he started moving his cock in and out while holding my head with his two hands. There was a low moan, and his trembling increased. My mouth filled with hot, sweet, creamy liquid as I held his shaking legs.

Weakened, he bent over and leaned on me. It had been a long ejaculation. The man must not have had sex in a long time and needed it very badly.

He fell in the middle seat and sighed, and I thought I could detect a relieved smile in the semi-darkness. I took my handkerchief and cleaned his penis, composing him, making him relax. I was, however, still extremely excited and felt close to him. I patted his hand and held my head next to his affectionately.

To my surprise, he reached for my bundle and opened my pants. Pulling out my cock, he went down on me. He was not very good at it, and I wondered if he'd ever done it before—perhaps he'd done it before a long time ago. He gagged terribly, and I realized he was doing it to please me, to somehow show his gratitude. Moved, I pulled my cock out of his mouth and directed my unstoppable load into the handkerchief.

A little later, he dozed off. Lifting up the armrests, I gently lowered him into a prone position until he was lying across all three seats. I looked down at him fondly and arranged my own "bed" a few rows back.

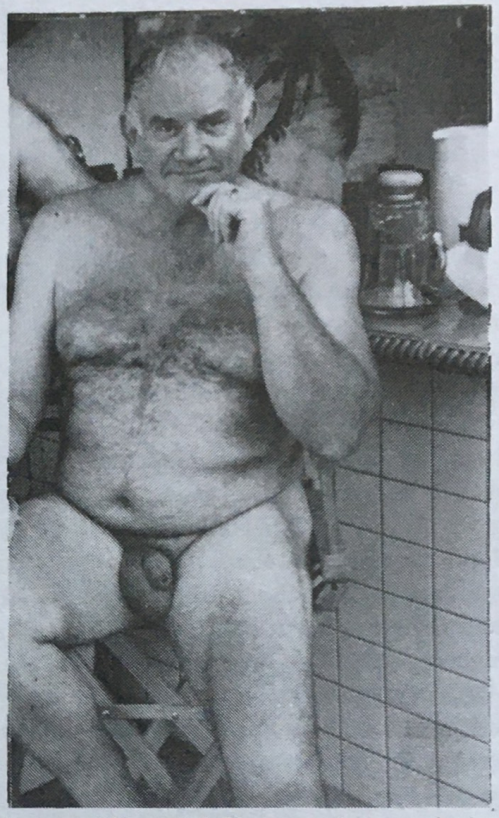
Hours later we arrived at Maiquetia Airport near Caracas. I said good-bye to my friend, and we shook hands. And then we parted company, never to see each other again.

But I would never forget the tenderness, the warmth, the spontaneous affection, and the exuberant joy. I would never again experience the exultant pleasure I felt while having that old Portuguese man at an altitude of 35,000 feet over the Atlantic.

It was indeed a high point in the history of my life.

MAC MARTIN, 67, is a writer and retired management consultant who lives in New York and Spain, where most of his books and articles were, and still are, published.

"The perfect Hideaway for Lovers! Just the right Getaway for Singles!"



Popular CR model, Zipper, enjoys a relaxing moment at the breakfast bar by the pool at this friendly desert resort!

Pool • Clothing Optional
Jacuzzi-type Spa • Outdoor Misting System
Color TV & Telephone in Every Room
Off Street Parking • Continental Breakfast
Rates from $59 to $125

Whispering Palms
A PRIVATE RESORT

545 Warm Sands Drive
Palm Springs, CA 92264
(619) 320-1300
1-800-669-WARM

[Note: Always include a photograph when writing to any model. You know what they look like, so how about returning the favor?]

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **MR. G.** enjoys the company of men his age or older. He lives near the mountains, but because of his work, he's often near the ocean north of Los Angeles. He really enjoys the outdoors--dining out is when he takes his camper to the lake or the river.

PAGE 2: **BAY AREA BILL**, 64, is 5'-10", 180#, and young enough at heart to still want Mr. and Mr. towels to hang in his bathroom. He's HIV- and looking for another mature WASP in Northern California. **DUFFER** is 58, 6'-2" and retired. He and his younger partner are looking for golf buddies in the Northwest. They seek correspondence from URSA MINOR, SAM BUSH and LOU LOU types *[earlier burly, bearish models]*. **SWEDE** is single, lives near San Diego, and is involved in some very important charity work. We met this energetic, enthusiastic hunk at DENNY and BIG MAC's a few months back, and we can assure all younger admirers of robust, senior men that this one is a handful in every way imaginable. **DIETER** is a 45-year old car mechanic who lives in eastern Germany. He likes pen pals over 55 who like nature, animals, music and postcards.

PAGE 4: **STUD**, 72, is from Newport Beach, CA. He enjoys water jet skiing in the buff. His friend, ARIES, 35, is a good-looking Oriental who enjoys taking photos of older men. **RED MOON** is a young Southern Californian who likes sports, weight-training, C & W dance music, leather, and heavyset men between the ages of 50 and 65. He prefers nonsmokers and non-drinkers with salt and pepper beards, moustaches and hairy bodies. **SUN n FUN** is the new partner of a senior we sort of took under our wings a couple of years ago after he lost his lifemate of 30 years. They'd like to hear from other couples who want to socialize. They currently live in Michigan, but will be moving to Florida in the future. **WILD BILL**, 45, is 5'-10" and is a film editor in the L.A. area. Interests: Sierra hiking, classical music, foreign travel, reading. He likes burly men, 45-60, like Mike Ditka. Divorced a plus. Photo a must.

PAGE 5: **THE NUTMEGGERS** are a fun couple living in Connecticut. Don, 47, 5'-10", 255# is a clean-shaven bear type. Tim, 31, 6'-0", 205#, is a blond/brown smoothie. They like Hondas, movies, television, shopping, travel, long walks, Teddy Bears, new friends and safe sex. **DON & MARCUS.** This intergenerational couple enjoys 3-ways, playing in the mountains and deserts of Idaho, shaving, water sports, bondage & discipline, uniforms, tit torture, safe-sane fantasies. They have extra collars, leashes and dog dishes for bad dogs. **DENNY & BIG MAC** are ardent supporters of CR, bikers, beach enthusiasts, and two of the finest men we've ever met. They love meeting new friends and just started a business called BIG MAC BEACHWEAR. Their loyalty is constant: they're here for almost every issue mailing and MAC is our dogs' favorite sitter. **YOGI & BOO BOO** love hot, hairy, hung men like RUSSIAN BEAR, KARL & CARL, ages 45-70. They enjoy fishing, camping, sun-bathing, swimming. They are looking for other couples or singles for friendship and fun. Plenty of room for visitors in Monterey, CA.

PAGE 6: **RAYMOND**, 32, 5'-10", 170#, is a sincere, warm and loving man who is looking for a genuine relationship with a burly, stocky man, 50+, who is grey-headed and clean-shaven. He lives in England. **GROVER** is 35, 5'-10", 140# and lives in Philadelphia. An artist and writer, he likes science and nature. He also likes country, rock and classical music and is single. If you're over 35, stocky to heavyset, affectionate and bearded, drop him a line. **SPRINGER**, 35, is a native Southern Californian residing in Palm Springs. He's attracted to trim men over 60 who are self-confident, aggressive yet gentle, loving and affectionate. **PATRICK**, 45, 5'-7", 150#, is into vegetarianism, creative photography, classical music/ jazz, Amnesty International, and foreign films. This Illinois resident loves sports: pro football, baseball and basketball. He desires a serious relationship and is apparently flexible as to age. **YOUNG BUCK.** (Refer to FORUM, this issue) This is the young Maryland man whose photo we're re-publishing. He's 5'-11", 200#, and 27 years old. He likes softball, weight training, swimming, walking, biking and men over 50 who appreciate young admirers. **A.J.** This 26-year-old admirer of mature men has been with his 52-year-old lover for 4 years. WALTER MITTY and THOM are two of his favorite CR models. He lives in Ontario, Canada.

PAGE 7: **GREYBEARD** is a 67-year-old retired Atlantan who enjoys cooking, working out, spectator sports and meeting new people, especially big, burly men over 40.

PAGE 8: **JOSÉ VALLS** is the outrageously sexy and handsome owner of a little hotel called Fonda Valls and a bar called La Bubu Disco in Lloret, Spain (see ads this issue). He says that older and big men are very welcome in his establishments. **THE WRANGLER** is 65, 6'-0", 225#, and promises a more revealing photo after this one is published. This L.A. resident is very sneaky, you see. His lover will be going to the Gathering alone and THE WRANGLER just wanted to surprise him. Hope his lover recognizes those cute buns. **TUCKER** is a really laid back, down-to-earth country gent, 6'-1", 240#. He's into auctions, flea markets, camping, hiking, C & W and Blues music, festivals and trains. He's not into lace tablecloths, chandeliers, and sitting by the pool drinking pink squirrels or champagne. He lives in the northern Apalachian area.

PAGE 16: **BARNEY** is a 31-year-old southern man with personality and style. This is the flip side we promised in Issue #55. Now living in central California, he enjoys golf, theatre, and outdoors.

PAGE 18: **D.C. LUKE** is 54, 5'-7", 148#, and is a university professor in Washington, D.C. He's looking for a life-mate, 35-55 who is dominant and very hairy.

PAGE 24: **JOSEPH III**, 63, is single and deeply committed to metaphysical spiritual growth, spiritual healing and self-mastery. He seeks a relationship with a younger man,

24-42, with similar interests. He's in transit to Northern California.

PAGE 30: **MIKE VOLLARO**, 38, 5'-10" and 245#, likes toying with his 4 X 4 pickup truck, mild C & W music, camping, and looking for Daddy Bear-type men, stocky, beefy and facial hair a plus. This New Yorker seeks pen-pals and friendships.

PAGE 52: **FRESNO BILL** is 59, single and living in Fresno. He likes Italian and country cooking, cards, dancing, theatre, travel and the desert. He's semi-retired from the nursery business and is a rose expert.

PAGE 58: **KEN**, 65, is a can-do sort of guy. Living in the metro NYC area, he co-founded (with Woody Baldwin) the New York chapter of Prime Timers and is active in all kinds of interesting projects. See his ad under New Jersey in the Classifieds. **ROMIE** is a 70-year-old, 5'-8", 157# San Francisco Daddy who seeks involvement with a trim, 18-45 son who prefers making love (instead of sex) on a permanent basis. **BOB BOONE**, 57, 5'-7" and 120# is endowed, HIV -, retired, financially secure, and lives alone in Virginia. He seeks 75 year plus, white-haired gentlemen with whom personal hygiene is paramount. He's outgoing, literate and sincere. **OCKER** is a 67-year-old, nonsmoking Australian who is physically fit and mentally alert. He'd like to hear from under 50, any race, especially blacks and Aussies. **CAPRICORN**, 51, is 5'-9", 180#, quiet and reserved. He enjoys his home in Washington, walks, cuddling, quiet times. Likes firm, super-hairy, mature men.

PAGE 59: **CARL.** After hundreds of fan letters, popular New Jersey model CARL is still looking for that special person. A retired educator, he enjoys the outdoors, meeting new friends, and entertaining. All letters with photos answered.

PAGE 60: **PEP** says, "It's what's around me that determines the beauty within me." He's 51 and seeking new friendships of those who can bring out the beauty. He enjoys theatre, music, working outdoors and quiet evenings in Minneapolis. **LARO** is a native Texan living in Houston. He likes making new friends. First place trophy winner in a fellatio contest at a recent Mardi Gras in New Orleans, he lives a quiet life and prefers simples pleasures around eight inches. **HAWO**, 49, is from Germany. He lives in the country in Bavaria and prefers men older than himself. He likes reading, music, and traveling. Visitors are welcome. **KEY DADDY** enjoys the simple life in the Florida keys. Recently out of a long-term relationship, he is enjoying his new-found freedom. **BUSTER** is 72 and retired to a small New Hampshire village. He likes art, antiques, woodworking and corresponding with the type folks who read CR. Non athletic!

PAGE 61: **SMOKEY MOUNTAIN BEAR** is a bi, 50-year-old, discreet, shy and lovable southeastern bear who seeks correspondence with same or older. **GEORGIA EDDIE** is a 50-year-old Atlanta bear who enjoys meeting other bears for fun and friendship. He's very affectionate and hot as a fire cracker. **THE COLONEL** , 69, and his new partner, TOMCAT, are now living together in the New Orleans area. TOMCAT is 38-year-old hunk from Key West. They're two mighty fine men who love meeting new friends. **MIAMI MARK.** A nonsmoker, he likes travel, the beaches, music, movies, wrestling videos, outdoors etc. He loves 40+, hairy, bald, strong men with moustaches and beards.

ARTISTS

PAGE 17: **BILL III** has lived with fellow artist, KEMUSH, for 27 years. He's tough, masculine and quiet, but he kills with his smile. A jack-of-all-trades, there is nothing he can't fix.

PAGE 23: **QUETZAL**, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

PAGE 29: **DARKCHILDE** is a Chicago area artist who likes meeting older, chubby gentlemen and anyone with a general interest in modeling.

PAGE 36: **ABE** lives in Washington, D.C., and seeks inspirational photos from sexy, masculine Daddies. He's 43, 5'-5", 150#, and muscular.

PAGE 46: **KEMUSH** is one of the funniest, most clever men we've ever met. A brilliant artist in any medium, he collects Southwest Indian art and paints dazzling nude portraits of men of color. He's in his early sixties and lives with BILL THREE in Los Angeles.

PAGE 53: **RAM** is our most loyal and consistent contributor. He loves the magazine and has been with us exclusively since the very begging. This magnificent artist summers with his mate in Illinois and winters in Florida. He loves to garden and paint.

BACK COVER: **ELF** and his significant other, Pat, live in Hillsboro, Oregon. ELF enjoys drawing larger, more mature men. "As any cattleman will tell you, all beef--even beefcake--is best when properly aged with a bit of extra marbling. We are very excited over this masterpiece mascot he created just for us and will soon be putting it to good use.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

SIMON BARR. We hadn't received any material from this extraordinarily talented photographer in a couple of years, so this latest submittal was greeted with great enthusiasm. SIMON lives in Fresno with his older mate of many years.

MACRO is a young, rugged, handsome, semi-pro photographer in Salt Lake City. His older mate is built like a pro football lineman and equally good-looking. An awesome pair!

RICHIE II is a free-lance photojournalist among other things. His talents are considerable, and he's just earned a master's degree in yet another field. He lives alone in an L.A. suburb and loves older white men who enjoy the company of younger black men.

[Publisher's Note: We are often asked about places which develop nude photos. We do have the addresses of a couple of gay developers who will process hard-core film, but sending your film out to these places for simple nudes isn't always necessary. Many smaller developers--and some larger chain stores--in California will develop nudes, provided they are not of minors. This more liberal situation exists in other states as well. The key is to call the shops in advance and ask about their policy. Shop around and ye shall find.]

GUIDE TO SILVER FOX HUNTING: NEW YORK, BOSTON AND WASHINGTON, D.C.

by TOM SILVERCHASE

NEW YORK

If an alarm went off every time a hot older man was in sight, the darn thing would be shrieking nonstop while walking down most any street in Manhattan, especially on the upper East side.

Evenings, go to the Townhouse, but shut off your "silver fox alert" or it will explode the minute you walk in the door. Seriously, on a good weekend, the Townhouse may be the best silver fox hunting bar in the world, at least among the top three.

The large, noisy piano bar features two levels and three bars under one roof. When the bar opened a few years ago, it took business from and contributed to the demise of the Regent East, a cramped, smoky piano bar that was half a block away. It was once the best silver fox bar in New York. For a while, people would troll between the two. Now it's just the Townhouse, which has decor much like a bar in a Marriott.

Men of all ages frequent the bar, dressed mainly in sport coats and ties—plenty of silver foxes as well as silver fox hunters.

You might also try the G.H. Club at 52nd Street and 2nd Avenue. It's a real gentleman's bar and is highly recommended.

Cultural events like the theater, the symphony or the opera are especially good places to silver fox-watch in New York. The museums are also good places to see older men. You might even visit the New York Stock Exchange.

Bars:

The Townhouse	G.H. Club
236 E. 58th St.	353 E. 53rd
(212) 754-4649	(212) 223-9752

BOSTON

Boston is a great place to visit or live for silver fox hunters. It's a cruisy, walking city with a sizeable gay population, good restaurants and a really good silver fox bar.

At night, the Napoleon Club is the place to go. The decor is a little like that of a French brothel, and yes, there are lots of pictures of Napoleon Bonaparte—showing a basket. Not really, but Napoleon gets a good crowd near the weekend. It's mostly frequented by professionals. Lots of sport coats and ties. You won't have to look at pictures on the wall for a hot, powerful-looking older man who is showing a basket.

Napoleon sort of keeps going, room after room, with pianos in the rooms at either end. There's disco dancing upstairs, but don't bother, there's nothing but young guys up there.

Since it's just down the street, it's worth stopping by Luxor. Walk in the front door, go upstairs, and there's a video bar. It's mostly filled with younger guys, but an occasional silver fox will wander in.

You might start the evening by eating at the Club Café. It's a restaurant with several lounges, videos, entertainment and Sunday brunch. It's fairy food that's very good, and so is the service. Afterward, around 10 p.m., you can walk to Napoleon and Luxor. By then, both bars should be starting to get busy.

Downstairs from the Club Café is the Metropolitan Health Club, which is a good place to work out during the day. Like the bar upstairs, it's mostly younger men, but there are some older ones who go, especially mid-morning. You might get to see some older men naked in the shower.

During the day, walk around downtown or shop on Newbury Street, and you'll see lots of good-looking older men. There are many nice shops and fun sidewalk cafés along Newbury. The public rest rooms at the Faneuil Hall Marketplace off State street are pretty cruisy. So is the third-floor men's room at the Jordan Marsh department store on Washington Street.

Bars:

Napoleon Club	Luxor
52 Piedmont	69 Church
(617) 338-7547	(617) 423-6969

Restaurant:	Gym:
Club Café	Metropolitan Health Club
209 Columbus	209 Columbus
(617) 536-0966	(617) 536-3006

WASHINGTON, DC

Just think of all those cute senators and congressmen and high-ranking military officers. If you like gray hair, uniforms and authority, it doesn't get much better than Washington, D.C.

Friends, a bar on "P" Street, is about the best place for silver fox hunting. It's a small, sort of smoky piano bar. The people are friendly, and there are usually quite a few good-looking older men to cruise. Most nights, somebody is playing the piano. Some nights, people line up for a turn to sing their favorite songs. Some of them are pretty good.

For a change of scenery, it's worth going around the corner to the Fraternity House. This is a darker, almost leather bar, where they have a room that shows porn movies. There are other rooms, though, and one has a little brighter light and is quiet enough for talking.

Those two bars should be enough to keep most silver fox hunters happy during the evening. During the day? Get creative. There are lots of handsome older men in Washington; you just have to find them.

The most obvious place is Dupont Circle, which is the gay area of Washington. There are lots of nice shops and gay restaurants to check out.

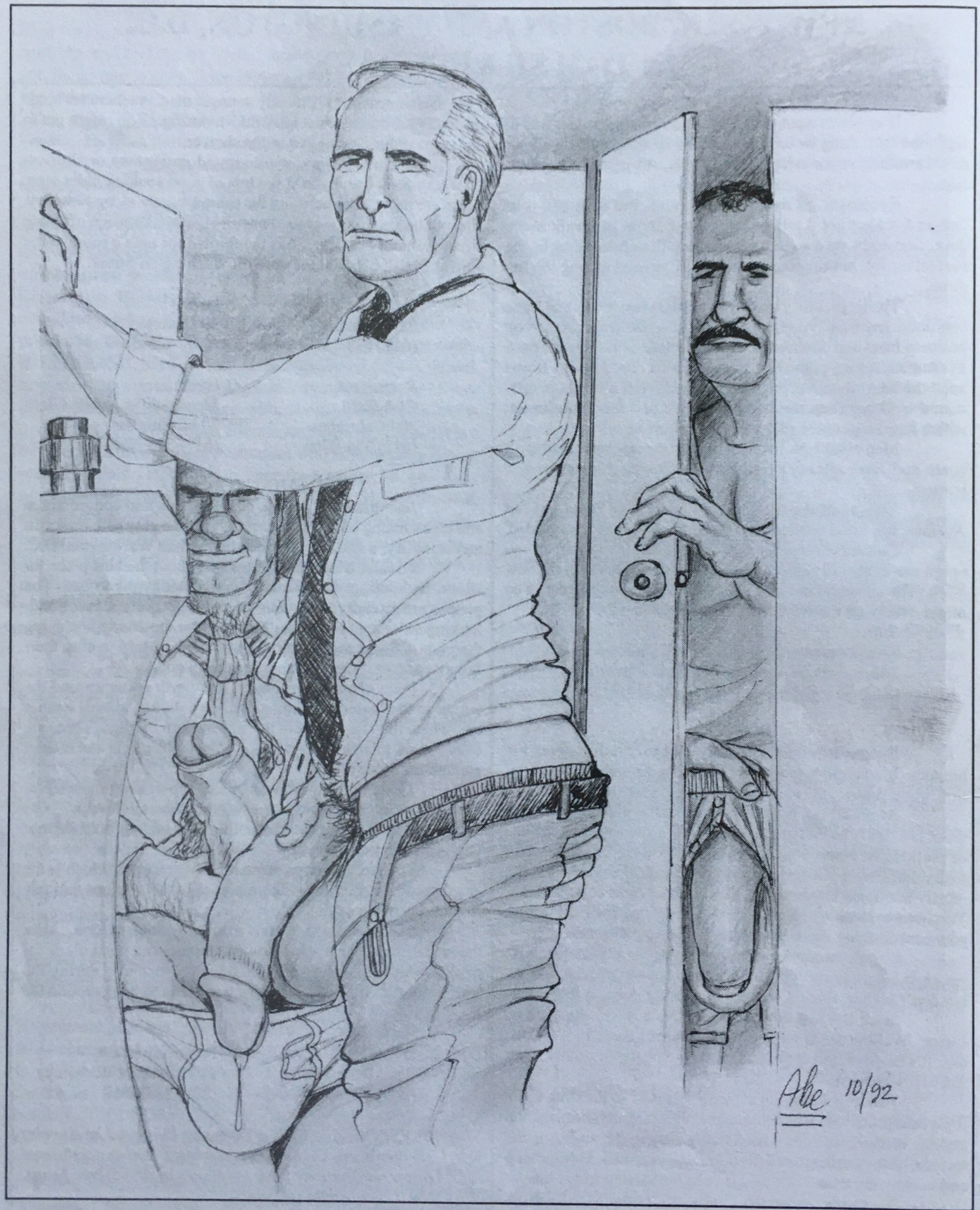
The museums are good places in which to look. Also, the area around the Washington Monument is a great place for people-watching during the lunch hour, especially during the warm months. It's probably not a good idea to hang around the Pentagon.

Bars:

Friends	Fraternity House
2122 P St., N.W.	2122 P St., N.W. (alley)
(202) 822-8909	(202) 223-4917

TOM SILVERCHASE, 30, is a journalist living in Los Angeles with his senior mate. He welcomes comments and any additional information readers may have on places to find Silver Foxes. Write him as you would a model.

THE ARTWORK OF ABE



NOW OUT

40-PLUS Volume 2

GARBO'S TRIBE

& THE PHIL FIRE SHOW & COCKNEY BREW

ONLY $69.95

PLUS $4.00 SHIPPING & HANDLING

22 MATURE SPUNKERS 110 HOT MINUTES

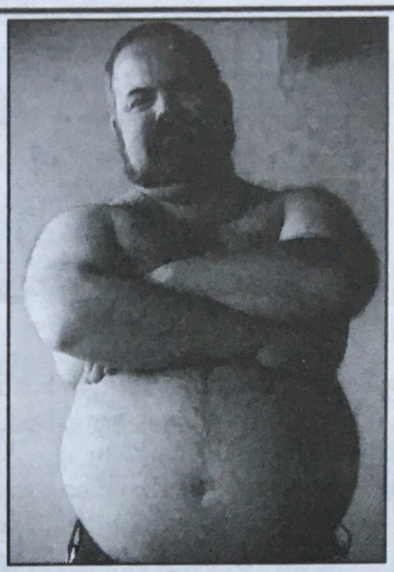
40-PLUS PRODUCTIONS - 2261 MARKET STREET #237
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114 - USA

PLEASE SEND ME 40-PLUS VOL. 2 IN THE ( ) VHS OR ( ) VIDEO 8 VORMAT. I AM ENCLOSING $69.95 WITH $4.00 S & H. CA. RES. ADD 8.25% TAX ($5.77)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____



BUSTIN APART AT THE SEAMS

Packed with today's hottest Large Men. Sizzling man to man action, and orgy scenes.

Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Signature:_____ Date_____

I am of 21 years of age, and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own private use in my home. I will not sell or furnish it to minors. I am not a law enforcement official or postal inspector.

Sorry no credit card, or C.O.D. orders • VHS only • We DO NOT deliver to P.O. Boxes • Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery • No orders shipped without signature • Offer void in states, and countries where prohibited by-law.

Maximum Density Productions
13601 Ventura Blvd., Ste #137
Sherman Oaks • CA • 91423

$49.95 plus $4.00 Shipping and Handling

P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

CHUBBY VIDEO VOL. VII

'THE BIG BEAR ORGY PARTY!' ONLY **$59.95** + $4.00 S & H

4 HOT BEARS GETTING IT ON ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

OVER 1200 LBS. OF MEAT!

HUNGRY HOLES!

FORCE FEEDING!

ACTUAL PHOTOS FROM VIDEO

93 MINUTES

Order Now! **Call TOLL FREE 24 hrs. a day with MC/VISA**

In the USA & Canada call: 1-800-772-1196 (Orders only please)
Information & Overseas call 1-415-665-1411 - Or fill out coupon & mail with payment to: **P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS**
309 Judah Street, Suite 125, San Francisco, CA 94122

YES! PLEASE SEND ME **CHUBBY VIDEO VOL. VII** IN THE:
☐VHS ☐ BETA ☐ VHS PAL ($69.95) ☐ SUPER VHS (Call for info) Format.
I am enclosing ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash (at my own risk) ☐ MC ☐ VISA
For **$59.95 + $4.00 S&H** (Overseas $10.05) [CA res. add 8.25% tax—$4.95]
• PAYMENT ONLY IN U.S. FUNDS DRAWN ON U.S. BANKS •

Charge Card #_____ Exp. Date _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS_____ CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____ COUNTRY _____

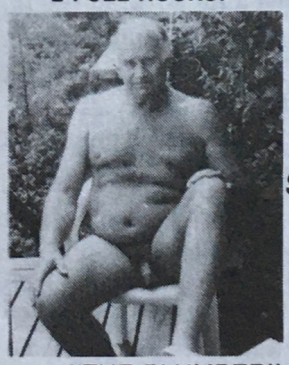
SIGNATURE (Must be over 21) _____

***NEW* FROM P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS**

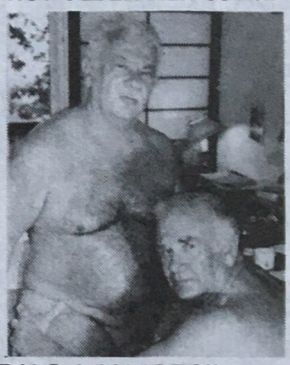
DADDY VIDEO VOL. II

DADDY FOR DESSERT! ONLY **$69.95** + $4.00 S & H

2 FULL HOURS! **HOT OLDER MEN 50++!!**



FOUR HOT SEGMENTS IN ONE MOVIE!



"THE PLUMBER" • "GENERALS & MAJORS"
"DAD'S ORNERY SLAVE" • "DADDY FOR DESSERT"

Order Now! **Call TOLL FREE 24 hrs. a day with MC/VISA**

In the USA & Canada call: 1-800-772-1196 (Orders only please)
Information & Overseas call 1-415-665-1411 - Or fill out coupon & mail with payment to: **P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS**
309 Judah Street, Suite 125, San Francisco, CA 94122

YES! PLEASE SEND ME **DADDY VIDEO VOL. II** IN THE:
☐VHS ☐ BETA ☐ VHS PAL ($79.95) ☐ SUPER VHS (Call for info) Format.
I am enclosing ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash (at my own risk) ☐ MC ☐ VISA
For **$69.95 + $4.00 S&H** (Overseas $10.05) [CA res. add 8.25% tax—$5.77]
• PAYMENT ONLY IN U.S. FUNDS DRAWN ON U.S. BANKS •

Charge Card #_____ Exp. Date _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS_____ CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____ COUNTRY _____

SIGNATURE (Must be over 21) _____

FICTION

THE SOUND OF THE RAIN

by MARSH CASSADY

The door of the house across the street banged for hours in the rain. Open and shut, open and shut. Bang, bang, bang. It was a steady rain with no breeze. Bang. Bang. Bang.

The noise was driving Ryan crazy. He'd see if he could latch it. He reached for a sweater. "Stupid old man," he muttered to himself, though he was barely into his fifties. "This is San Diego, best climate on earth. It's raining, not snowing."

Ignoring the sweater, he grabbed an umbrella and hurried across the street. He pushed on the door, but it wouldn't close. He changed his stance so he faced the street and yanked. Suddenly, the door swung hard against him. He stumbled over the doorstep, lost his balance, hit into the door frame, glanced inside, and there sat Alex.

"Hello, Ryan," he said. He stood, light playing through his blond hair. He smiled and held out his arms.

Ryan thought he must be going crazy. Alex had been dead five years. With a sob, he rushed toward him.

Without warning, the house appeared suffused in sunlight, as if there were no roof, as if the morning fog had suddenly rolled back out to sea.

"You're thinking it's a dream," Alex said.

"Yes."

Alex drew him to a sofa by the wall. Blue, crushed velvet, like the one they'd bought just after Alex moved in. They sat, and Alex picked up Ryan's hands, fingers cool, strong, competent.

Ryan felt a touch of panic. "How is it that . . ."

Alex stood, jeans tight in his crotch, nipples prominent under his T-shirt. "Let me show you the house."

"Your house?"

"For the moment."

He sparkled somehow, Ryan thought, with an inner phosphorescence. The sky through the open window turned pink, then violet, then purple.

"What—"

"Is something wrong?" Alex's face looked dark as the sky.

"Where are we?"

"The house across the street from where you live."

Rain suddenly pelted the roof and the windows. "The sound of the rain," Alex said. "Remember how we used to lie in bed, you and I, on a Sunday morning, listening."

Alex pulled Ryan up and led him back the hallway. A king-size bed half filled the room. Plants in clay pots sat on the dresser, the bedside stands, the floor. After Alex's death, the plants had all withered, turned brown.

When Ryan turned to look again, Alex had pulled off his shirt, back and chest the color of honey. He stepped from his loafers, shucked off his jeans, pulled down his briefs.

The television set blared. "You said I could watch Gilligan." It was Ryan's daughter, Kirstin. "No," Caleb yelled.

Ryan raced up the hallway. The living room stood dark and empty. Rain slammed against the window.

"What is it?" Alex asked. He leaned against the wall by the hallway, his body as firm as the day they'd met—just after Ryan's wife had left, abandoning him and the kids.

"I heard the TV, then Kirstin's voice and Caleb's. They were kids again." His voice trembled as he sat on the sofa. Outside the sliding glass doors it was dusk, the sky clear, sunset beginning out over the Pacific.

"I thought we were going to bed," Alex answered. "Isn't it getting late?"

"What's going on here?"

Alex sat beside Ryan. "I love you. I have from the time I first saw you, looking so lost. In the . . . supermarket. Two kids hanging onto you."

"Alex." The cry came from deep inside.

Alex leaned forward, his lips pressing hard against Ryan's, calloused hands caressing his neck, his face, his body. Alex's tongue probed the dark wetness of Ryan's mouth.

Ryan lay on his back, head sunk in the softness of the pillow. Alex ran his hand over the flatness of Ryan's belly, the mat of hair on his chest. He kissed Ryan's shoulder and belly and further down, taking him into his mouth. Alex fell back against his pillow.

"What is it?" Ryan asked.

"We had a beautiful day." He turned to Ryan. "This part will end."

"What!" His heart hammered into his rib cage.

"You don't understand."

"I don't want to lose you again."

"You don't know the conditions." He looked into Ryan's eyes. "It's still not too late to leave."

He struggled for air. "I don't want to leave."

"You don't know me, Ryan."

"Alex?"

"Can't we enjoy just the moment?" He rolled to the side of the bed. "Come on." He stood, his body limber and taut like a man's half his age. Even spent, Ryan wanted him.

Alex smiled and lay down once more, his head on Ryan's belly. He reached out, cupping Ryan's cock and balls in both

hands. Ryan grew harder still and marveled at the miracle of it.

They sat gazing out the window, a picture of tree-topped hills at sunrise out in the distance. "There's something I have to tell you," Alex said.

Ryan picked up his hand. "Whatever it is, I don't care."

Alex jerked free, stood and strode to the window. Ryan followed his gaze, saw a stream running through sugar maples, the ground soft with rotting leaves.

"I . . . I deceived you. I'm not what you think."

"What!"

Alex held up a hand, palm out, as if to ward Ryan off, his movements an out-of-kilter movie. "I'm not— I create . . . illusions, Ryan. I wanted—"

"It's all right. No matter what." He stood and drew Alex close.

A sound escaped Alex's lips, a laugh or a sob. "You're a cultural anthropologist."

"You know I am."

"You worked with Indian tribes. Did you ever believe the legends?"

Outside the scene of the streams held steady, the sun higher now in the sky.

"I . . . I suppose they make as much sense as anything. Why?"

"Would it help if I told you I can't help myself? I was so terribly lonely that I used my power to see inside—"

"I'm the one who walked into this house. I heard a banging door; it was driving me crazy."

"There was no banging door."

"What?"

Alex closed his eyes for a moment. "You can't go back. You could have, before . . . before you acknowledged that I'm not your lover. That I'm not Alex. Now I can't let you go. Once I've chosen, and you've accepted . . ."

"What do you mean?" He grabbed Alex's shoulders.

"Ryan, I need you. More than you can understand."

Ryan broke free, pushed through the back door out to a concrete landing. He saw Alex watching.

Ahead was a stream, much like the one where he'd played as a boy. He remembered the water so cold it nearly paralyzed, water like hundreds of needles jabbing his skin. He walked toward the shady bank. And the rain poured down.

***

Rain washing in gentle waves across the thick glass of the window, a comforting sound, conjuring up images of fireplaces, braided rugs, a cat asleep in front of the hearth.

Except that it went on forever, Caleb thought, pattering the cabin like an unpretentious summer shower. But it wasn't natural.

He thought he'd better wake Pam from her nap and get them out while they still could make it. They'd rented the cabin on Mount Palomar to get away before plunging right back into school—she as a junior high math teacher, he as a grad assistant in physics at UCSD.

The area around the cabin was becoming a lake.

He strode to the bedroom and laid a hand on Pam's shoulder. She opened her eyes, sleepily at first, then came instantly awake. "It's worse, isn't it? she asked.

"Much worse."

"I've heard no cars go by. Only the rain."

"I've gathered up our things," he said.

Suddenly, Pam shivered. He grabbed her and pulled her toward him. Even after months of living together, he still was amazed at her lightness. The bones of a squirrel, he thought.

"What is it?" she asked, frowning, pulling back the least little bit.

For the two-dozenth time, he wondered where they'd gone wrong. Why the relationship that had started so well, just didn't seem to be working out. "We'd better get going."

They hurried to the Jeep, tossing duffel bags and backpacks into the rear seat. Caleb turned the key, and the motor roared to life. He let out a sigh he hadn't known he'd been holding.

"We'll make it, Caleb," she said.

Did her words have a double meaning? He pulled onto the road, filled now with mud and debris. He was thankful for the four-wheel drive.

"I'll be glad to get back to San Diego," she said. "Maybe it's not so bad there."

He'd been tuned to the weather station; he knew it was every bit as bad. But at least they'd be near other people. A relationship took time and effort. What with grad school and all, could he give enough to it? Did he even want to?

He took the road slow and steady. If it didn't get worse, they'd make it. "There's a legend," he said.

"What?" she asked as she turned to face him.

He smiled. "A story Dad used to tell."

She glanced at him and then back out the windshield, tension written in planes of darkness across her face.

"He worked with American Indians. A bunch of them, so I don't remember which tribe." He shrugged.

"One of the legends told of a great silver beast who once roamed a world nearly covered with water. It loved the oceans, the streams, the rain. It was the first of the gods to live on the earth. Wherever it went, it brought rain because that was its nature. With rivers and streams and oceans it renewed itself, much as Indians renewed themselves with grains and maize."

"If you're trying to keep me from being frightened—"

"No. The rain brought to mind a story Dad use to tell." He saw no other cars, no signs of life.

"But in the second great age," he continued, "when the God of All That Exists journeyed to rest in the greenness of earth, he saw the God of the Rain roaming free. The earth was little more than a sea, with rocks and branches protruding here and there.

"God of All That Exists became angry for he believed there should be a dividing line between land and sea so neither controlled the earth. It was symbolic of a kind of Golden Mean, if you will."

"The Indians really believed that?" she asked.

"They weren't the savages they were pictured to be. The

white man was the savage."

"Really?" She sounded uninterested.

Caleb chuckled. He'd have to educate her about certain things; maybe she could educate him about others. He quickly sobered. That is, if they stayed together.

"Do you find me so amusing?" she asked.

Instead of answering, he went on with the legend. "The God of All That Exists was stronger than the mightiest waterfall, as unforgiving as a rock that cannot be moved. And unaware, the Rain Beast continued its joyful dance across the land."

"Beast?" she asked. "I thought you said he was a god."

"Both." He laughed. "Depending on your viewpoint, I guess. God of All That Exists certainly would call him a beast."

"They'd reached the main road, making the driving easier. An occasional car or truck now came into view, hydroplaning in sheets of water that slammed against the side of the Jeep.

"In anger," Caleb continued, "God of All That Exists, with the sweep of an arm, rent the land from the water so that the Rain God was left on dry land, condemning him as surely as a fish left on the bank by a careless fisherman is fated to die.

"Screaming in agony, she rushed toward the depth of the mighty ocean we call the Pacific, and there she has remained. Yet, in these silent halls of water deep below a shimmering sun, the goddess grew lonely."

"Goddess?" Pam asked. "It keeps changing. God, beast, goddess."

"It could be whatever it chose, and at times it chose to be a woman. For isn't the sea our mother, the origin of all life?"

He was glad to see Pam smile. "You have a point," she said.

"At any rate, the goddess still was powerful. She caused to fall the gentle rains that promised rivers would never run dry, crops would never fail . . ."

***

Sitting on the banks of the stream, shielded from the rain by branches thick with green leaves, Ryan sensed Alex's presence just beyond his periphery.

He didn't turn, but stared at the roiling water. He knew it wasn't really Alex.

How he'd missed him these past four years. At first, he wanted to die, as well. But there were the kids. Soon Caleb had left for Harvard and last month Kirstin had left for Penn State.

The loneliness was intensified, even though in losing Kirstin he'd regained Caleb—at least in a sense. But his son had his own life to live. Pam reminded Ryan a little of his wife Iona—fiercely independent, not giving in to anyone. But she and Caleb would work out their problems.

Slowly, Ryan turned. For an instant, it was as if Alex were invisible in the rain, like a statue of hollow glass. Then the outline grew stronger, slowly became the form he knew so well. And on Alex's face was a look of incredible sadness. The rain beat down in torrents now, as slowly he walked toward Ryan and held out his hand.

***

Pam hugged her shoulders. "Are you going to finish the story?"

"There's not much more," he said, "except the God of All That Exists took pity and allowed the Goddess of Rain to have a mate throughout all eternity."

"Another god?" Pam asked.

"No. A human being she'd take with her to the sea, to a hallowed out cave below the surface, there to lie together on the sands, seaweed to be their bed."

"Bud surely no man . . . would want to go with her. Surely, a human being couldn't last very long there."

Caleb shrugged. "Twenty harvests, more or less."

"Twenty years. A man could live beneath the sea for twenty years?"

In front of them appeared the lights of San Diego, shimmering through the falling water. Suddenly Caleb felt as if someone had slammed a shoulder into this chest.

"What is it? What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he said. "A thought, that's all."

"Tell me?"

He hesitated, afraid she'd think him insane. "Every tribe and nation believed something different. You won't find this legend recorded in many places, if at all." He glanced toward her. "When he comes from the sea, it rains for days until he finds a mate."

"Surely you don't believe all the rain—"

He shook his head. "Not really." He heard the tremble in his voice, hoped Pam wouldn't notice. "My father believed it and more than half convinced me and Kirstin. Maybe Alex as well."

"Surely not," she said. "Would Alex have believed that?"

Caleb glanced quickly over to see if her words were loaded, to see if she really accepted that his father could love another man. Seeing nothing in her face but doubt, he continued. "His feeling was that maybe all the legends were true." He shook his head. "I know that's strange, but once he told me he couldn't judge any belief system wrong. Every religion has its own reality."

"We all have different realities. We see the world in different ways."

"It's more than that, Pam." He wondered who he was trying to convince and brushed away the thought. "Each tribe, Dad felt, each civilization, has its own deities. And for the people who believe in them, they're real.

"When I was just a child, there was a winter when it rained for days on end. The second or third day Dad left. Went up to the mountains. When he came home, it was like he'd become a new man. All he would say was that he'd proved he was right."

They were entering the city now, the lights of La Jolla beaming in welcome.

"Later, he told me about an old Indian man whose mate had died of a lingering illness, cancer probably. Afterward, the old Indian shut himself away, talked to no one, came out of his house only when he had to. Then it started to rain."

"Are you trying to tell me that this beast, this thing of water came for him?"

"I'm not trying to tell you anything, but I'd like to stop and see Dad before we go home."

***

Ryan smiled. "I wondered long ago if I'd see you again."

"You know who I am?" Alex asked.

Ryan stood. "I didn't at first. But I should have. We met once, you know."

"Of course, I know," he answered. "Still, it's a selfish thing. To take a man away from—"

"From what!" Ryan spat out the words. "I loved Alex so much. I didn't want to go on. Then when Kirstin left for college—"

"I love you, Ryan. Every bit as much as Alex could."

"I know you're not an unkind being. I know from the legends . . ."

"You're my Indian brave." He laughed. "My white Indian brave. As surely as rain water swells an ocean, I shall love you."

Ryan stretched out his arms.

***

The windshield wipers were all but useless as Caleb swerved to the off-ramp. "God," he thought, "don't let us be too late."

"Caleb!" Pam grabbed his arm as he slid up against the curb and stopped.

"Dad!" he yelled, scrambling from the car. In the vacant lot across the street his father turned. "Caleb," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"Don't do it, Dad! We need you. You may not think we do, but Kirstin and I need you. And Pam too."

"Ah, Caleb, you don't understand."

"I do, Dad, yes, I do." Beside him, almost hidden in the rain stood the thing—nearly transparent, the size and shape of a man. Ryan's arm encircled its waist.

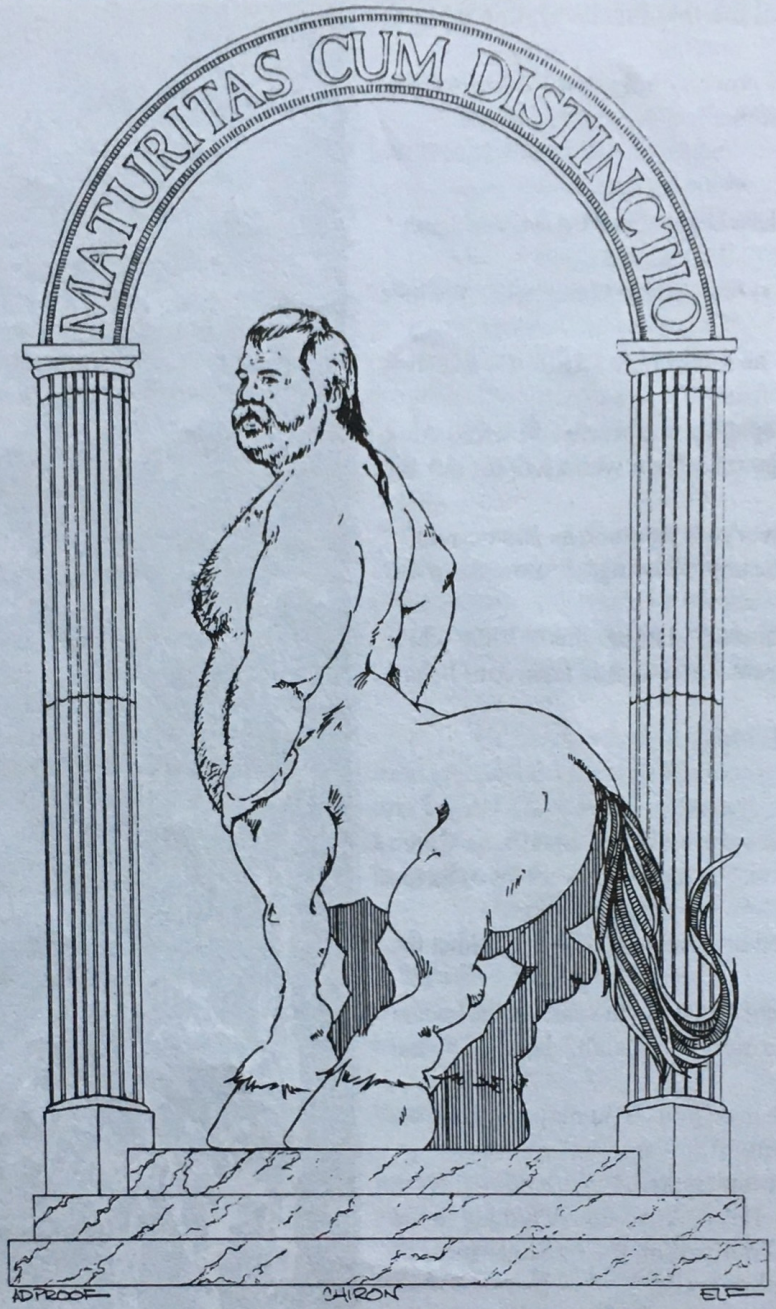
"I love you, Caleb, I'll miss you. Tell Kirstin, I love her."

"Dad!"

"Can't you do something!" Pam screamed. "Can't you make that thing stop?"

Caleb turned to her. "I love you, Pam. Probably not as much as my father loved Alex. But that will come in time." When he looked back, his father and the rain god were gone.

MARSH CASSADY, one of our new contributing editors, lives in San Diego with our other new contributing editor, JIM KITCHEN. They make a crack team, and we think they will greatly enhance the quality of our magazine. Both are excellent poets, and MARSH is distinguished in the Oriental poetic art of haiku. Read more about these gentlemen on page 19 of this issue.



--CHIRON--

Created for the readers of *CHIRON RISING* magazine, a limited number of reproductions are now available. The original pencil drawing has been reproduced as a half-tone, and is limited to 100 signed and numbered prints.

The print is also available hand-colored in mixed media. While each print is unique, the coloration will be similar to the illustration that appears on the back cover of this issue. This full color edition is limited to 50, signed and numbered.

Black and White $15.00
Hand Colored Print $45.00
Postage and Handling (any number of prints to one address) $ 3.50

Image size: 7-3/4 X 12-1/4 inches. Paper size: 11 X 17 inches. All prints mailed flat. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Mail check or money order, payable to:

BEAR PAWS II
40009 N.E. Goodnight Road
La Center, WA 98629

VIDEOS WITH EXOCET

40-PLUS VOLUME 2, "Garbo's Tribe", "The Phil Fire Show" and "Cockney Brew" - 40-Plus Productions, 2261 Market Street #237, San Francisco, CA 94114
110 minutes - $69.95 (+$4 S & H)

Frank Garbo is at it again, this time with a slightly different approach and some new faces. There's a lot of pre-introductions and switching from still to moving images. One minute you're watching original action, then the next you're watching someone watching the action. In one scene they even critique a filmed segment on camera—sort of like mixing an original movie with the documentary based on making the movie.

Although this one is highly entertaining and outrageously effective J/O material, the quality is still nowhere near that of the videos put out by, say, Maximum Density or P.R. Simon. I get the feeling that the video was put together in a big rush, and the editing seems a little spastic at times. Perhaps that's on purpose, but I fail to see the creative reasoning behind it.

In any event, there are a few scenes that will utterly kick you in the groin if you like older, stocky and muscular men like I do. There are more two-shots than the last video, and Frank Garbo doesn't do his disgusting kitty-licking-the-saucer routine so often.

But one of the things I like the most about the video is the sheer number of men (22) that Garbo was able to come up with. Most of them are exceptionally rugged looking and mature. I get the impression that Garbo has a knack for meeting older rough trade on the street and getting them to come up for a video session. The guys must be fearless.

The best part of the video, in my opinion, is the inclusion of 50-year-old Peter Bone, who is built like an ironworker. He gets it on with Phil Fire in one of the most memorable scenes of all my porn experiences. And Phil Fire, an incredibly good-looking, masculine and stocky man in his 40s, is pretty damn good too. I almost came in my pants, I kid you not.

There's lots of grey hair and big dicks in this one, but all ages and sizes are pretty well represented. I recommend it in spite of the questionable editing and glitches.

CHUBBY VIDEO VOLUME VIII, "Bellyman's European Vacation!" - P.R. Simon Productions, 309 Judah Street, Suite 125, San Francisco, CA 94122
2 hours - $69.95 (+ $4 S & H)

This video features the scenery of Belgium, Holland and Germany as the producer/director travels to his three shooting locations. It was produced during the European Big Men's Convention last year in Brussels.

The first segment takes place in a sauna in Brussels. Stripping in front of their lockers, a group of chubs, bears (mostly mature and older) and one chaser (young, thin and hung) proceed to the bar for a beer, then head for the showers. After a little horsing around there, five of them get into the spa for a little mini-orgy that really doesn't get off the ground. Finally three or four of them go into a padded orgy room and begin to get serious.

The action starts out hotly enough, but I got the feeling that the participants were all camera shy. Either that, or they are all friends and not that turned on by one another. Most of them have what appears to be a small tattoo on their right shoulders, which makes me think that they are all just good friends. But they gave it a valiant effort, and finally a few ejaculations came.

In summary, the Girth & Mirth Belgium men are a great-looking bunch of guys, but they really struggled to get a climax. It gets a little tiresome after so much time has elapsed. My favorite of the bunch, a greying bear, tried so hard I thought he'd have a stroke before he eventually got off. Whew!

Then on to Amsterdam and some vacation-like footage of the city, accompanied by Dutch singing. Suddenly, in broad daylight on a fairly busy street, a burly leather bear with his ass peeking out the back walks into a bar. But this is Amsterdam, after all. He's about 30-40 and cute as hell, so an older, bigger leather bear cruises him and nods to follow him into a back room.

In the back, they partially disrobe, leaving on all their leather, of course. And are these guys well-built! Muscular and rugged. They do a lot of kissing and fondling, but there is no really serious activity. Then the bigger man pulls out a briefcase filled with all kinds of sex paraphernalia, including poppers, tit-pincers, cock rings, blindfolds, handcuffs, etc., and off they go to the bondage room. There is a sling there and the bigger man urges the cute one into the sling, where he binds him by his hands and feet. After the smaller guys's dick is tied up with a rope until his balls turn purple and they sniff so much "aroma" that their eyes cross, I'm on the verge of tuning out. But then I realized that I'm reviewing for CR and that some of CR's readers might be into this sort of thing.

After the smaller guy finally shoots one of the biggest loads in porn history, we are taken to a flashback of what went on before they went into the chamber of horrors. P.R. Simon, you sly dog!

It appears that just before the briefcase came out, the two burly bears really got it on, and both had spectacular ejaculations. Flashy ending through flashbacks. And as you're sitting there gasping for breath, the story ends with a blinking traffic light in the bar. Reading from the bottom up, it says, "WALK," then "DON'T WALK," then 'FUCK NO."

And then we go to Germany, where P.R. spends his day videotaping the largest man I've ever seen. He must be at least 500 pounds. We watch him shower, then we follow him to bed to masturbate while kissing his teddy bears (nonhuman). Strictly for chasers.

Looking at the video as objectively as I could, I found it to be well-made and potentially entertaining for the right people. Actually, Pat Colley requested a review copy of the video because he felt that certain elements of CR's readership would appreciate the work. I agree.

So if you really like Bigmen, Superchubs, and Bears into authentic bondage and S & M, then this video is for you. If you're looking for stocky and average-built men with grey hair, stick around for P.R. Simon's next video. I don't know the title yet, but according to spies I've talked to who saw some of the filming near Yucca Valley, it should be a real winner.

EXOCET is a deeply closeted retired navy captain living in Newport Beach, California. He prefers to stay anonymous and does not seek mail which requires a response.

THE OTHER PUBLISHER'S TWO CENTS
by BRUCE VAUGHAN

We have been taken to task on various occasions for not rubber-stamping the official gay and lesbian line of rhetoric. They say that people in our positions are traitors for not being "activists." Well, they're wrong. Pat and I *are* activists. Read on and understand our mission. If you agree, join us.

Last fall, Pat received a call from a writer by the name of Jim Merrett, who asked his advice for an article on senior men. Elated that such a piece was being written, Pat talked to him and helped him as much as he could. In December, the article was published in L.A.'s *Frontiers* Magazine. To our surprise, Merrett quoted Pat extensively, even stating: "The nation's expert on such matters is a 52-year-old Southern Californian named Pat Colley . . . " We found the piece pretty accurate and well-written, and Pat was glad that he'd helped Merrett out.

In January, Merrett's article was published again, this time in Boston's *The Guide*. I compared the two articles and found that they were almost identical. Then I came to a section that said, " . . . there are right ways and wrong ways to find an older lover, according to Colley: " *Notice the colon*, which implies a direct quote in the absense of quotation marks. Listed underneath were five paragraphs of advice attributed to Pat. Four were close, but the fifth was an outright fabrication. It said in part, " Use your best powers of persuasion to convince *[the older man]* that being out of the closet is the best policy."

Which prompted a hot denial from Pat, who went on to write:

"I would never have said that because the majority of my readers are closeted with my blessings. Since the line didn't appear in *Frontiers*, it seems that someone on your editorial staff got carried away and injected their own views at my expense; that or Merrett decided to embellish his story to make it more palatable for the politically correct gay press. In either case, I resent being so blatantly misquoted."

The Guide published his letter in their March issue and responded in print with:

"We did indeed change the statement in question, to accord with *The Guide*'s belief that not hiding your homosexuality is the personally and politically responsible thing to do. But we feel we had license to make the change. The section of the article in which this statement occurs is presented as advice from author Jim Merrett, who notes that he has talked about these matters with Patrick Colley. It was not presented as a direct quote from Colley. Nonetheless, we can see how a reader could think that Merrett's good advice came right out of Colley's mouth, and we apologize for any confusion. - The Editor"

Pure bull shit! As I pointed about above, there was a colon, which implies a *direct quote*. If the editor's "explanation" frightens you, know that you aren't alone.

And then there is Pat's March 22nd letter to *The Advocate*:

"As a magazine buyer, Rachel Pepper ("Bear Essentials" - March 23) should know better. *Chiron Rising* Magazine first began eroticizing images of larger gay men, not *Bear* Magazine. Give the pioneer its due! *CR* started publishing on April 1, 1986, as a fanzine for older and bigger men. *Bear* Magazine started as a fanzine for bearded men in 1987. I find it odd that she left out the second largest magazine of the "nontraditional gay-identified masculine imagery" genre from her list. Does she feel that older men don't count?"

Still pissed, Pat noticed an article in Laguna Beach's *The Blade*, and took them to task, too:

"I read your April 93 issue with great expectations about the "Older Gay Men" series. Very few gay newsmagazines take on issues relative to the problems facing gay and bisexual seniors, and I appreciate your attempt. I'd respectfully like to opine, however, that the articles were superficial and sorely lacking in research and compassion. Nowhere do you reveal that *Chiron Rising* Magazine targets older gay men/admirers and has a readership of well over 100,000. Nor do you mention local senior organizations like S.A.G.E. in San Diego and Prime Timers in Palm Springs, not to mention another senior magazine called *Centaur* in Desert Hot Springs. Statements such as, "For older gay men, [dating is] nearly impossible" and "There is another whole set of seniors who live behind the 'Pink Curtain'," tell me that your writers just don't get it. They are so out of touch with the senior scene that their pieces come across as a series on Zulus written by a group of white high school students who don't know South Africa from Serbia. Enclosed is a copy of our current issue. Read it and LEARN."

My partner is angry--aren't you?

How about impassioned pleas, you ask--appeal to their sense of fairness and compassion. Well, we did that too. The following are excerpts from a letter to a prestigious gay literary review:

"On several occasions we've received letters from readers asking why *CR* isn't taken very seriously by the mainstream gay press. I respond that I have no idea. Our eminent literary contributors keep us supplied with a lot of highly provocative and polished material, including erotic literature (as opposed to porn). We're more concerned with educating our readers about senior health issues, bolstering self-esteem and getting lonely people together than providing masturbatory stimulus. Why is it that *CR* is never mentioned--much less reviewed--in your publication? Can't magazines offer as much as a paperback novel that costs about the same to produce? Are we in fact less literary than raunchy paperbacks? I can sell 6,000 copies of one of our *CR CLASSICS* novel specials without the aid of one lousy review or one penny in advertising. And yet we're invisible to the gay mainstream. Why isn't that news to you?"

We never received a reply to the above letter, and it didn't surprise either of us. I think of the hundreds of letters Pat had to write to get the paltry press we've received over the past seven years, and it makes me realize that we're barking up the wrong tree.

New grey hairs are popping out all over. People age, priorities change, views alter. Maybe we don't need the gay mainstream media. Perhaps we've started our own mainstream.

Bruce Vaughan (previously known as THE FRIAR) is cofounder/copublisher of CR and CR CLASSICS Magazines. He is Pat Colley's lifemate of eight years.

TWO FROM JOHN McNEILL

Taking a Chance on God
Liberating Theology for Gays, Lesbians, and Their Lovers, Families, and Friends

"His new effort is like a harsh but bracing wind that blows away illogical and cruel theology." - *Bay Area Reporter*

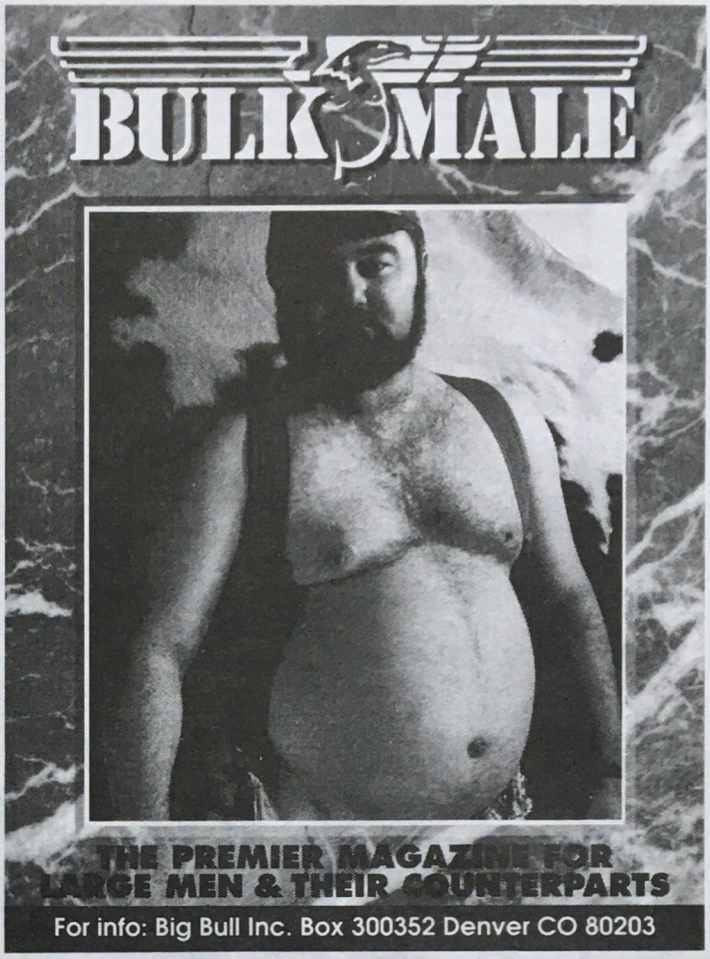
"[McNeill] is a bearer of theological promise and spiritual hope to lesbians and gay men who have wrongly suffered rejection and betrayal in the name of God." - The *Advocate*

The Church and the Homosexual
Third Edition - Updated and Expanded
(Coming soon: the Fourth Edition)

"A vintage work in the evolving history of the relationship between gay people and institutional Christianity. McNeill's book remains central to the story." - Malcom Boyd, author of *Are you Running with Me, Jesus?*

Beacon Press books are available at fine bookstores or directly from Beacon Press. To order by phone, call (617) 742-2110, ext. 596. Have your Visa or Master Card information ready.

BEACON PRESS
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108



HUSKY MAGAZINE

Exciting Personal Ads, Great Photos and Erotic Fiction

1 Year (6 HOT ISSUES) only $26.00

Current Issue $5.00

Foreign Orders: $30.00 Yr., $6.00 Single Issue, US Funds Only.

Free Ad With all Subscriptions

Send Check or money order to:

HUSKY MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 470822
San Francisco, CA 94147-0822
Please state you are over 21.

SAMSON and HOMAN

Japan's celebrated magazines are now available to the rest of the world. Excellent color photography and artwork for connoisseurs of Japanese men. **SAMSON** (all ages and sizes): In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Y (Japanese Yen) or U.S. $17. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Y in bank transfer or money order. For a 12 months subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Y in bank transfer or money order. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office,Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91. **HOMAN** (older and heavier): In Japanese, 132 pages. Published 3 or 4 times a year and available by single copy only. Send 3,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $23 (cash only) to: KOFU-SHA, P.O. Box 133, Ueno Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

Restaurante

HABITACIONES - CHAMBRES
ZIMMER - ROOMS

Fonda Dalls

Nuevo ambiente

C/. Sta. Teresa, 11 - Tels. 36 43 89 - 36 71 89 - LLORET DE MAR

THE FRACTURED MYTHOLOGY OF KEMUSH

Zeus the Peacock. This is a never before recording of the actual moment of metamorphosis between one creature and another--in this case, Zeus into peacock! Here we see the startling process with Zeus' head becoming peacock essence, totally recognizable. The progression continues till his body becomes bird. Now, some lowly minds will read another interpretation to this depiction, but we dwelling in higher climes know that we are witnessing here a religious experience known on to Zeus and Sunday caterpillars.

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

ARIZONA

(6/93) TUCSON: GWM retiree, 56, 6'-1", rugged, masculine, nonsmoker/drinker, nudist, new to area. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Looking for friendship, maybe more, any race. Very flexible and able to travel extensively. Write: Model **BAREKAT**

(6/93) GLENDALE: GWM, 39, 5'-10", 200#, brown/brown. Love quiet times, country music, loving and being loved. Seek correspondence with men my age and older. Looking for friendship and more. Write: Chas Green, P.O. Box 650, 4397 W. Bethany Home Rd., Glendale, AZ 85301.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(10/93) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, early 60s, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV-). Prefer under 50 for safe encounters. I'm top only, into light S & M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional travels to major U.S. cities. I'm model BAY AREA TOP in CR#51. Write: John B., P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(6/93) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 5'-11", 195#, retired, nonsmoker/light drinker, hairy, white thinning hair, straight acting. Interests: music, golf, fishing, cards, dining, travel. Looking for companion, possible lifemate, 50-75, who is religion-accepting. Prefer a stocky to larger-built person. Note and your picture for mine to: Jim, 5251 Cribari Lane, San Jose, CA 95135.

(6/93) NORTH AND CENTRAL CA: Witty Spaniard (professional, 57, retired), invites mature, high-minded immigrants (in U.S.A.) to an enduring and endearing interchange. Interests: communication, closeness (amorous or platonic), conversation, massage, orchids, trading erotic videos, robust humor, the humanities, much more. Write: R.G., P.O. Box 3464, Santa Cruz, CA 95063.

(10/93) SAUSALITO: I'm 5'-10", 180#, with silver hair, blue eyes, smooth body, 6" cock. Will reply to photo/letter. Open to recreational sex, 3-ways, action buddy, or my first preference, which is a monogamous relationship. Write: B.J., P.O. Box 2608, Sausalito, CA 94965.

(8/93) SAN FRANCISCO: GAM, 44 yrs, 5'-7", slim, attractive, affectionate, into music, quiet times, travel. I'm nonsmoker/drugs and seek caring, mature GWM for possible relationship. Please write with photo (returned) to: Tom, 537 Jones Street #2234, San Francisco, CA 94102.

(6/93) IF YOU ARE SERIOUS about forming a monogamous, life partnership/best friendship, read on. I'm looking for someone with time to invest (no multiple memberships, friendships or heavily scheduled lifestyle), and the capacity for love, generosity and caring. GWM, 45, 5'-11", 160#, brown eyes, brown/gray hair (balding), masculine, very hairy, healthy, clean-shaven, well-groomed, stable, adventurous, with pleasant personality. Enjoy country music, travel, the outdoors, movies, reading and hobbies. We share: good values, no addictions, height/weight proportional, good sense of humor, calm/unpretentious personality, and quiet lifestyle. Please include return address with your response to John, P.O. Box 4654, Foster City, CA 94404.

(6/93) SACRAMENTO: In-shape GWM, 40s, 5'-10", 165#, seeks GW gentlemen who would like to play with me: dress me, undress me, pose me, touch me any way you want. Sam, P.O. Box 245093, Sacramento, CA 95824.

(10/93) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Sincere GWM, 47, 5'-10", 215#, hairy, uncut bear, mostly bottom, seeks husky/chubby guy for fun, friendship, possible relationship. I have many interests to share. Send photo to T.R., P.O. Box 15093, San Francisco, CA 94115.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/93) PALM SPRINGS GWM: 35 yrs, 5'-11", 160#, attractive, masculine, clean-cut marine look, brown hair, brown eyes, gentle spirit, and a swimmer-type body. And I'm nuts for men over 60 years old . . . period! So if you're moderately trim (preferably thin), versatile, and looking for sensual fun, affection and friendship . . . let's say no more. Send photo (nude, if possible) for mine to: Springer, 100 S. Sunrise Way #107, Palm Springs, CA 92262-6737.

(6/93) L.A. AREA: GWM, 37, 6'-2", 195#, masculine, good shape, moustache, nonsmoker, clean-cut, HIV-, well-educated, good job, seeks older (45+), dominant, masculineman for quiet times with classical music, good food and talk. Photo/phone requested. Write: **ALLEN**

(10/93) SAN DIEGO: Masculine Asian, discreet, moustache, 47, 5'-9", 181#, trustworthy, calm, working retiree, HIV negative, excellent cook, who enjoys travel, sports and languages, is seeking 40+, stocky to heavyset, white/Mexican for friendship and fun. Possible relationship with the right person. Uncut a plus. All replies answered. Photos/phone requested but not mandatory. Write: J.C., 3770 Vermont St. #B, San Diego, CA 92103.

(8/93) SAN DIEGO COUNTY: Local friendship. Affectionate, good-looking, trim, in-shape, furry, 67 (look 57), bright, caring, genuine, oral, 5'-6", 125#, cut. No smoke, drink. Write: B.D.L., P.O. Box 232308, Encinitas, CA 92023.

(6/93) BISEXUAL-AFRICAN AMERICAN: 46, 5'-9", 185#, well-educated professional. Celebrations and gifts come and go. One of the greatest gifts still not given is that special person who is mature, discreet, and honest about his feelings and desires. It is not the external person but the internal person that means the most to me. Love is the ability to recognize this inner splendor in another person and give it expression. If you share these values, I would like to hear from you. Be prepared to explore a creative and loving friendship. Write: **AMOUR**

(6/93) CR COVERMAN (#46): Desires correspondence and picture exchange with CR readers. Not looking for a lover presently, but would love to expand my circle of loving friends. BEARS ESPECIALLY WELCOME, but all letters with pictures answered. Write: Silenus Honey, 5152 LaVista Court, Los Angeles, CA 90004.

(6/93) LOS ANGELES: Bright, together, good-looking, 45, 5'-10", 170#, hung, hairy chest, successful professional into hiking, performing arts, travel, reading, personal growth . . . seeks a loving relationship with in-shape, successful, dynamic, divorced GWM Topman, 45-60, over 6 feet, 190# with 'stache or beard. Photo and letter to **WILD BILL**

(10/93) PORTLY MEN 50/70: GWM, 60, 5'-6", 200#, wants to correspond, perhaps to meet. Don Charles, 53787 Hwy. 245, Miramonte, CA 93641.

(8/93) SANTA BARBARA: GWM, 6'-1", 170#, blue eyes, brown/gray hair, HIV-, semi-retired educator, seeking lifemate, friends, 35-65, who enjoy quiet life, travel, nature, dining, loving, home. Communication, being independent-but-together, are important. Write: Dutch, P.O. Box 30676, Santa Barbara, CA 93130.

(8/93) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 50, 5'-11", 225#, brown/brown, moustache, smooth chest, masculine, discreet, seeks masculine, imaginative men for sensual, safe fun, friendship, revealing clothes/nudity. Write and/or meet. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(6/93) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Attractive, in-shape Asian, French active, Greek passive, 34, 5'-8", 170#, seeks clean-cut GWM between 40 and 60 for friendship and/or possible relationship. Uncut a plus. Photo/phone appreciated but not required. Write: **TERRY LOVE**

CONNECTICUT

(4/94) BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 49, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(6/93) D.C.: W/M, 5'-6", 165#, masculine, educated, in pursuit of pleasure with experienced sexual enthusiasts from 35-55, for long evenings of sensual, uninhibited adventure. Write: T.C., P.O. Box 75767, Washington, DC 20013, or call (202) 488-4137 'til 2:00 am.

FLORIDA

(6/93) COMPANION NEEDED IN SHANGRI-LA: GWM, 65, 5'-10", 165#, 6" cut with penile implant. Retired executive, writer, inventor needs honest, affectionate, intelligent man for safe sex and serious relationship. Like lean, masculine man, any age, for normal sex. Salt/pepper hair, brown eyes, 6" plus, cut, financially secure. Write: **SUNSHINEMAN**

(2/94) FT. LAUDERDALE/INTERNATIONAL: Grey-haired, chubby, affectionate, caring GWM, 62 years young, seeks lean top man, 25-55 for serious one-to-one relationship. Want someone not into bar scenes, a redhead a plus. I am a nonsmoker/drinker/drugger and seek same. Like all old time virtues. Am endowed with sincerity, loyalty, loving, sharing, etc. I'm HIV- and desire same. Into films, music, cooking, theater, travel, antiques, psychic and spiritual pursuits, and am a licensed masseur. Call (305) 892-1426, or write to Francis E. Cianflone, 920 N.E. 129th St., N. Miami, FL 33161.

GEORGIA

(8/93) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 62, 5'-6 1/2", 245#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

ILLINOIS

(6/93) ILLINOIS: 6'-1-1/2", 205#, 63-year-old Daddy top wants a strong, heavy-set son bottom to horseplay, mutually workout, swim, watch videos, have safe sex with me. Write: J.L., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

MASSACHUSETTS

(8/93) CHEST TO CHEST/CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 43, 5'-11", 180#, mustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(6/93) BOSTON AREA: GWM couple, early 40s and 60s, seeks other GWM single or couple over 40 for possible friendship/safe sex--Boston area. Include photo (returnable upon request) with letter describing interests. Write: **NEON**

(8/93) FATHER AND SON combination--age-wise, not biological--wanted for friendship and good times by professional, educated, discreet couple in mid-60s. Write: **TWIN LIGHTS**

MICHIGAN

(8/93) CENTRAL MICHIGAN: 44-year-old, 175#, 6 feet, early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise-type who enjoys exercise

and music, would like to meet masculine type for dating and possible relationship. Call (517) 372-6895.

MISSISSIPPI

(6/93) YOUNG: 65, 170#, 6" uncut, top, seeks older, over 200#, uncut overnighter or permanent companion. Living is cheap here. One hour from New Orleans. Photo and phone to Tom Horner, P.O. Box 2035, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MINNESOTA

(10/93) SOMEONE'S THERE: GWM, 51, 6'-0", 200#, balding, moustache, drink/drug-free, nonsmoker, seeks new friendships and lasting relationship. Hairy men a plus but not necessary. Let's exchange info about ourselves. Penpals welcome. Answer all, but photo gets first response. Write: W. Peppel, 9593 Anderson Lakes Pkwy #173, Eden Prairie, MN 55344.

(6/93) HEALTHY GWM, 74, 5'-9-1/2", 170#, WWII veteran, 6-1/2 hard tool, active/passive French. Seek gentleman, age 65 to 95 (minimum age 65). Stocky, husky or a bit plump is a plus. Exchange photos. Write: Walter Schmidt, Box 581084, Minneapolis, MN 55458.

MISSOURI

(10/93) MIDWEST/NATIONWIDE: WM, 6'-0", 200#, brown/blue-green, masculine, assertive but gentle, sensual, minimum body hair, HIV-, healthy, uncut 6", secure, educated, professional, very discreet, retired, independent, lives alone. Seeks college students up to 70. Photo appreciated with letter. Write: Joe, P.O. Box 9931, St. Louis, MO 63122.

(8/93) MISSOURI/MIDWEST: W/M, 77, 5'-8", 175#, healthy, clean-shaven and smooth. Seeking younger, able, active, down-to-earth top. Enjoy nature, camping, fishing, birding and trailer travel. Your photo gets mine. A. Rulon, P.O. Box 15823, St. Louis, MO 63114.

NEW JERSEY

(10/93) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 64, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends.

NEW MEXICO

(6/93) CLOVIS: 6'-0", 200#, 38-year-old, blond hair, blue eyes, fairly hairy professional seeks older teddy bears for friendship/companionship for movies, dinners, quiet times, good conversation, and good ole fashioned sex, etc. Real hairy, bearded, NM, CO, OK, TX a plus. Photo gets mine and all responses answered. Write: Jeff, P.O. Box 1164, Clovis, NM 88101.

(6/93) SANTA FE GWM COUPLE, looking for friendship and fun with other guys. No age or race hang-ups. Prefer nonsmoker. 'Stache and beard, hairy bod, all pluses. One of us is 6'-3", 190#, blond/blue, 43. The other is 5'-6", 145#, brown/green, 50. Been together 22 years! Both professional, early retired, financially secure, well-traveled. Many interests. Both sexually enlightened, versatile. Safe scenes only. No drugs, HIV negative a must. All letters answered. Photo gets ours. Write: M. Oller, 223 N. Guadalupe #198, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

NEW YORK

(6/93) WANTED: COMPANION OVER 60! GWM, 42, 6'-1", trim, hairy, masculine, nonsmoker, non-promiscuous, health-conscious (HIV-), romantic, caring, crazy about older men, seeks unattached, self-respecting and dignified gentleman, 60+ for companionship and passionate, monogamous relationship. Any area. Detailed letter and photo essential. Write: Steve, Box 591, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(10/93) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 44-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 190#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(8/93) USED FRENCH SEAT, 66 years old. Classic tongue-in-groove construction for thorough satisfaction. Multi-function model fully services rear, front, feet. Looks, endowment, not important. Relaxed and naturally selfish, clean, white male, any age over 50 appreciated. **CHAIR-MAN**

(10/93) NEW YORK/TRI-STATE AREA: Long Island professional, 37, 6 feet, 175#, conservative, clean-cut, clean-shaven, healthy, masculine and trim, seeks friendship and possible relationship with bi or GWM professional, 45-60, who is also conservative in appearance, trim, clean-shaven, masculine and discreet. I am sincere, enjoy sports, movies and quiet times, and am not at all into the "gay scene," bars or anything kinky. Please send letter, photograph (or photostat--either will be returned upon request) and phone. Write: **ESQUIRE**

(8/93) AFFECTIONATE, FURRY GWM, 45, 5'-9", 175#, enjoys making new friends with mutually affectionate, 55+ cuddler and kisser, smooth-bodied (preferred). We both enjoy sharing theatre, movies, dining, travel, slow, gentle massage, walks, talks, music and dancing. A fellow New Yorker for close friend/relationship is ideal, but I enjoy making new friends from all over, too. Write: **CUDDLY FRIEND**

(8/93) SEEKS TOP: GWM, 32, small build, 125#, 5'-4", HIV-, submissive, a pure bottom, seeks aggressive, 40+ man who knows where I belong, yet can comfort me when needed and earned. Write: **B-BOY** or call (716) 743-1853.

NORTH CAROLINA

(6/93) CAROLINAS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 67, 230#, 6 ft., blue eyes/gray-brown hair, 6" thick uncut, HIV-, retired. I like music, sports, boating, fishing, swimming. Do not smoke or drink. Am affectionate, sincere, honest, clean and enjoy touching, mutual J/O, active/passive French (no Greek stuff--safe sex only). Seek mature, older men for intimate friendship with occasional, discreet meeting in travel or at my private vacation home. Am not seeking binding relationship. Confidentiality and discretion are assured. Photo exchange is requested. If this grabs you, write: **RETT**

OHIO

(8/93) NATIONWIDE: GWM Daddy, 44, 5'-4", 190#, seeks young friends, penpals or son types, age 18-49, interested in a non-relationship Dad in your life. Have many interests and much to offer. I am sincere, passionate, caring, and loving. Send letter with possible photo to H.P.S., P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

(6/93) ULTIMATE DADDY: America's largest. 55-year-old GWM, 550+ #, big in body, heart, soul and love, seeks young, strong, honest, FUN, clean son/lover who requires guidance, discipline, acceptance, nurturing and the love of ultimate Dad: Mr. Robert H., P.O. Box 9074, Canton, OH 44711-9074

PENNSYLVANIA

(6/93) SOUTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA/NATIONWIDE: Extremely discreet, straight-acting, W/M looking for 55+ bear, preferably very hairy, big-bellied and uncut. I'm 32, 6'-0", 195#, blond hair, blue eyes and in good shape. Love to cuddle and rest my head on your salt and pepper chest hair. My interests include golf, swimming, dining out and traveling. Please respond with photo and phone to: B.P., P.O. Box 672, Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462. I will answer all responses and send my photo to you.

TEXAS

(10/93) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 47, stocky, nice-looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up - no limit! Especially like white hair and/or mustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(6/93) TEXAS: GWM, 38, 155#, 6'-0", HIV +. Wish to meet clean-shaven men over 50, nationwide and Canada. Prefer nonsmokers, and photo appreciated. Write: **NORTH TEXAN**

(6/93) DADDY WANTED IN HOUSTON/HUMBLE AREA: GWM, 55+, greying or white hair, masculine, totally straight in outward appearance, Carol O'Connor/Ed McMahon/Harry Morgan types, WANTED by a GWM, 43-year-old, 6 ft, 210#, blond headed, blue-eyed, secure, affable professional for mutual friendship and more. I am masculine, outdoors type, with a desire to be a pleasing son to the right daddy. No S & M, just a desire for a loving relationship with older man. Serious inquiry only, please. Photo and phone get mine. Write: **SENIOR PLEASER**

VIRGINIA

(8/93) VIRGINIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 120#, 5'-7-1/2", endowed, HIV-, retired, financially secure, lives alone, assures discreet privacy, safe sex only. I am outgoing, affectionate, literate, and sincere, with wide interests in arts, antiques, music, travel, reading and needlepoint. I seek distinguished, physically fit, 75-year-plus, white-haired gentleman with whom personal hygiene is paramount, and who desires initial, frank, honest correspondence with the prospect of developing an affectionate friendship having potential for long-term, monogamous, loving, intimate relationship. All letters with photo (dressed or nude OK) get mine. Write or call: Bob Boone, 2819 Leeds Ct., Chesapeake, VA 23321. Phone (804) 483-8941.

(8/93) VIRGINIA: Bi, white, married male, wife unaware, 59, 6'-1", 195#, well hung. Previously top only, but now desire to provide complete French to clean, healthy in Richmond area only. WS, rim also available. Race, age unimportant. Call weekday, 7 am to 3 pm: (804) 370-0153. "Doc"

WASHINGTON

(10/93) NATIONWIDE GM WANTED: GWM, 59, 5'-10",230#, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, a bit furry. Sense of humor requested. Looking for lifemate. Enjoy travel, theatre, cuddling. Must have own income. Straight-acting son wanted. Jim, P.O. Box 241, Montesano, WA 98563.

(8/93) YOUNGER SEEKS OLDER - NATIONWIDE: Attractive, healthy WM, 38, 6 ft., 180#, very turned on by sexually active, masculine men over 60. Pluses: husky, uncut, balding or Daddy types. Respond with photo to: Bridwell, 1104 E. Fir, Seattle, WA 98122.

(12/93) WASHINGTON 50-YEAR-OLD PARAPLEGIC: seeks sensitive, intelligent, clean-neat correspondent between the ages of 20 and 55, with no addictive habits. Area of interest is southwestern Washington State. Centralia/Chehalis area preferred, but Raymond/South Bend also okay. Write: **WHEELS**

WEST VIRGINIA

(6/93) WV/DC/VA/MD: Cute, GWM, 5'-8", 145#, brown hair, green eyes, 51, in pretty good shape, G/A, in WV panhandle near Baltimore, DC, seeks long-term relationship, taking life a day at a time, with masculine/boyish, slender (muscular and/or thin), G/P & J/O buddy/friend/lover, 18-40. Am a video/audio journalist/reviewer, into arts, diverse types of music (classical, RR, CW), film, outdoors, model railroading. Hope to meet someone in a 12-step program who loves sex but also pursues a spiritual path. Can entertain if you can travel. Photo/phone to: Rad, Rd 2, Box 654, Harpers Ferry, WV 25425.

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95.)

(6/93) EUROPE/GERMANY: Healthy young man, 49, seeking elderly, dominant Daddy to welcome in his big flat in Bavarian countryside for friendship and more. Love nature, arts, music. Write: H.W. Bernt, Hinterschnaitt 1, 8221 Teisendorf, GERMANY. Tel: 08666 8615.

(6/93) ENGLAND: GWM, 40s, fit, strong top, straight-acting, non-scene, seeks 60+, stocky/overweight, down to earth/discreet guy with zest for living. Hopefully visiting U.S. in 93. Photo. Will return. **ROADRUNNER**

(6/93) ENGLAND: GWM, 60, fit, medium-build, great company, seeks 30-45, medium/chubby, who is loving and caring. Prefer uncut. All letters with photo, nude if possible, to: Tony, 16 Derwent Road, Egham, Surrey, TW20 &JP, ENGLAND.

(6/93) GERMANY: Married male, 46, seeking hairy, cut pen-friends, over 46. Write with photo. Roland Grimmer, Lortzingstr. 16, 7010 Leipzip, GERMANY.

(6/93) AUSTRALIA - MELBOURNE - QUEEN CITY OF THE SOUTH: To all visitors and residents I offer friendship, respect, acceptance, non-judgementalism, assistance where possible, community and networks in this gracious city of beauty and dignity. Networking extends to other cities and states, but Melbourne and I are a "must." Write: **ALTCON**

(6/93) HEALTHY AUSSIE MALE: Hunky guy, 50 years, blue eyes, brown hair. Would like to meet fun-loving guys for sports, movies, theater. Age, race, or financial situation no problem. Reply to **ROSS**.

(6/93) MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA: Compassionate and passionate, sincere GWM with greying good looks, 180#, 5'-11", everything operative and healthy. Interests: theatre, arts, gardening (obsessively), travel, entertaining. Enjoys good living and hirsute, cut men. Self-employed, outer suburban living on 7-1/2 acres with accommodation for house-trained guests. No smokers or substance-dependent, please. Write: Ken Hooke, "High Valley", 448 Mt. Dandenons Tourist Rd., Sassafras Gully, 3787 Victoria, AUSTRALIA.

(6/93) MELBOURNE (GEELONG), AUSTRALIA: Hi! I'm single, honest, broad-minded, mature Aussie-born guy of 58 years, not into drugs. Seeking pen-friends, general interests. All replies answered. Genuine ad. Eric Luhrs, 4/43 Noble St., Newtown, 3220, Geelong, Victoria, AUSTRALIA

(6/93) MEXICO: GWM, 40, 5'-9", 180#, sincere, romantic, affectionate, professional, looking for sincere, honest man, 58-70 years old, possible relationship with the right person. Interests: classical music, art, walking, travel. No drink/drugs. HIV-. Photo appreciated. Write: **SERGIO**

[PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else. If the advertiser refuses to return photos, please let us know.]

CLASSIFIED COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

PUBLICATIONS

(8/93) Little magazine of true male sex experiences. $3.00 to RANCH,P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064. Please state that you're over 21.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

(2/94) John J. Mcneill, PhD, gay-identified psychotherapist. Twenty-five years experience. Individual, group and couples therapy. Fees on sliding scale. 38 Front St., Binghamton, NY 13905. (607) 467-5391

EMPLOYMENT

(2/94) PERMANENT CARETAKER SOUGHT: By senior couple in the California High Desert above Palm Springs. Seeking: Retired man, nonsmoker/drugger, 60 or over, strong and in good health. Duties: Oversee large, spectacular duplex house on 80-acre canyon property and care for dogs and plants while owners are traveling extensively. Payment: Free lodging in the form of exclusive use of the entire downstairs unit. Owners will pay an agreed-to hourly rate for repair work to house, grounds or duties above and beyond routine caretaking. References will be required. Contact: Earl Sharp, 53167 - 29 Palms Highway, Morongo Valley, CA 92256.

RENTALS

FOR RENT IN LOS ANGELES: Single, compact, luxury apartment, ready for occupancy. Fully furnished, if desired, and suitable for a fixed-income person: all utilities included and within walking distance from shopping. Includes complete Pullman kitchen with pots, china and cutlery; tiles, full-sized bathroom; small, private patio with view of green hills. Located in a turn-of-the-century townhouse with stained glass, crystal lamps and potted plants. Besides normal year-round living capacity, it can be used as: 1) a getaway pad for trysting, away from the little woman; 2) a working weekday lodging to cut commuting time to suburbia; 3) a California satellite office for an out-of-state small business; and 4) a writer's hideaway, free from distractions and family. Monthly rent with lease option: $495.00. First, last, deposit with references. For further information call (213) 254-0592.

CR BACK ISSUES

(6/93) In search of past issues of CR and SWAN Magazines no longer in circulation, dating from 1986-91. Please! Don't throw these treasures away. Let's make a deal. Write: Dave F., 1021 Stanley St., Schenectady, NY 12307.

(8/93) Looking for out-of-print issues of SWAN/CR/CR CLASSICS. Will pay for original, good condition issues, and will consider photocopies of special issue novels. Write: **CHEWSDAY**

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS FOR MATURE MEN

(NOTE: Some of the following welcome younger admirers of mature men. Inquire about age requirements.)

PRIME TIMERS INTERNATIONAL, P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652 (512) 282-2861. Clubs are located in major U.S. cities, Canada and Australia. Call or write for the club nearest you.

S.A.G.E., 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011. (212) 741-2247. Senior Action in a Gay Envirnment, Inc., is a social services organization for senior gays and lesbians. This group does a lot of charity work for needy, elderly gay and lesbian citizens.

S.A.G.E. OF CALIFORNIA, INC., P.O. Box 4071, San Diego, CA 92164. (619) 282-1395. A social and support organization for senior gays and lesbians. Not affiliated with SAGE of New York.

PHOENIX, P.O. Box 103, Wallington, Surrey SM6 9SJ, ENGLAND. A social and support organization for senior men in Great Britain.

NISSE - SENIORPROJECT, P.O. Box 45090 - RFSL, S-104 30 Stockholm, SWEDEN. Social and support group for Scandanavian men called *"Senior-groupe."*

VINTAGE MEN, 11/7, McGrath Court, Richmond, Victoria 3021, AUSTRALIA - Tel (03) 428-0491. Social and support group for senior Australian men.

SENIORMÄNNENS KLUBB, c/o SETA rf, Box 55, 00531 Helsinki, FINLAND. A social and support group for senior Finnish men.

ARTWORK FOR SALE

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID - Original artwork for sale to benefit AIDS projects. Inquiries Box 70025, Houston, TX 77270-0025.

UNUSUAL ARTWORK - original paintings of nude men

FOUR BIG REASONS NOT TO MISS
CR CLASSICS #2
SPRING/SUMMER '93

1. "That full-color drawing by RAM knocked me on my ass! I've never EVER seen a drawing with that much raw, raging, lustful intensity. Everywhere I look, the image is leering at me, urging me to unzip my pants again. Your readers will go nuts!" EXOCET

2. "I heard that CR CLASSICS will get more erotic and show something that no other magazine has ever given us: mature, burly MEN, going at each other in full color. If that's the case, then get ready for a landslide of new subscribers. Please! We're starving for this." J.H./Arkansas

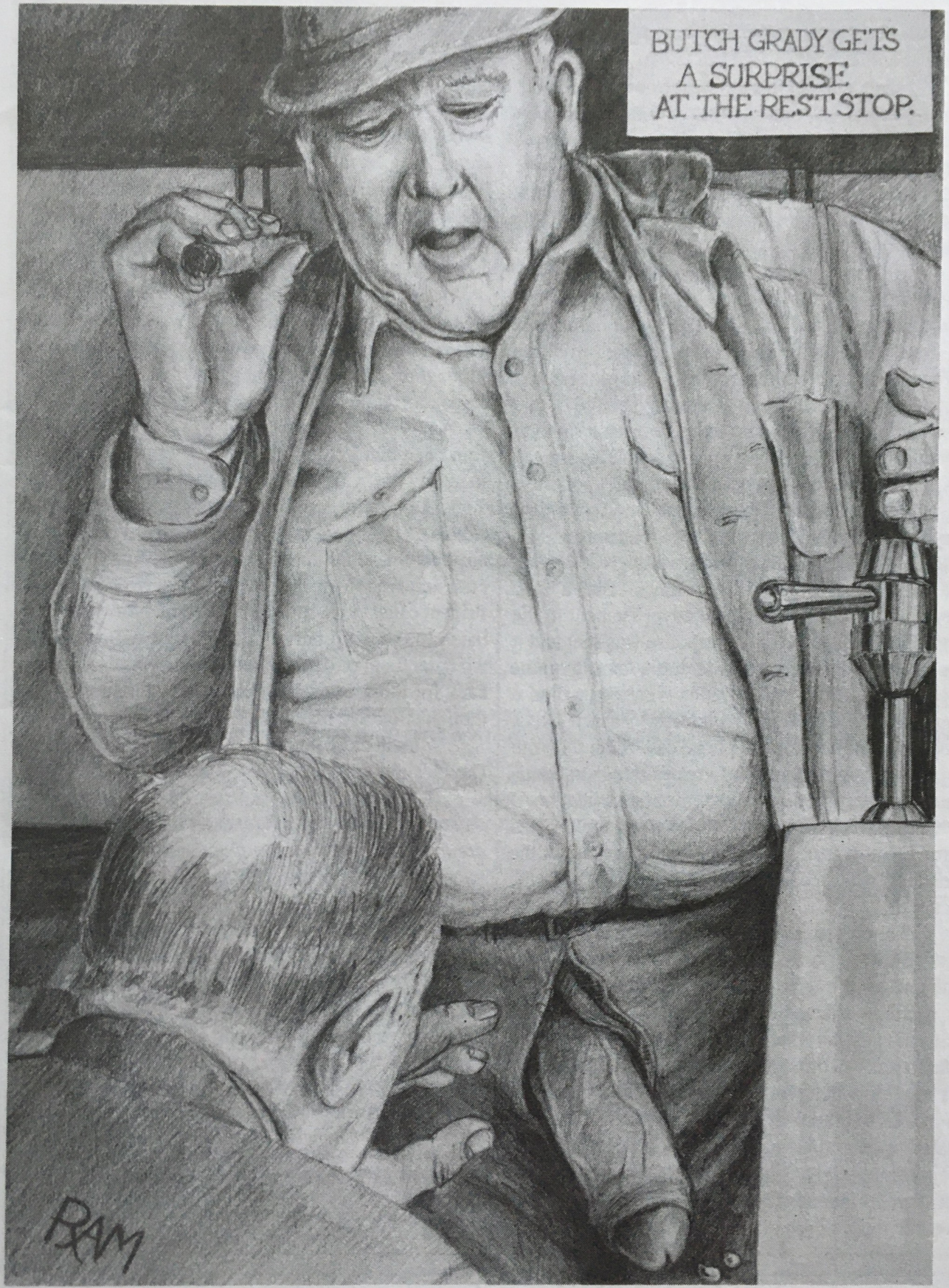
3. "A nude anthology of all your most popular models? Sounds like a phenomenal idea! Send me FOUR CRC#2s." OCHO/Chicago

4. "Thanks for letting me see the manuscript before you publish it. Wish we could grab it up, but we're too busy grinding out nonfiction and "triple B" fiction (boring, big name, bankable). The bad news: you're about 10 years ahead of your time. The good news: some big people are noticing you. *SWIMMING TO VENEZUELA* is electrifying and has definite crossover potential. The erotic imagry in the final chapter is astoundingly unique." [Initials withheld], Senior Book Editor/NYC

FRESNO BILL

photo by SIMON BARR

A RAM ENCORE



THE NEXT TO FINAL WORD

Dear Pat and Bruce:

I shall take out this moment from the veritable maelstrom that surrounds me at present to tell you how very much your efforts mean to me. Unfortunately, I have been only a subscriber for a very short time, yet still, I can feel the warmth and love from the pages and they gird me in such difficult moments as I am going through.

The man I had chosen to devote my life to has chosen drugs over me. That stunning revelation should not speak well of me. You know nothing of me, nor of him. How curious my feelings of release and great sadness combined are. The process has been a lengthy one and drawn out over a period of two years. After nearly 10 years, I somehow draw strength upon the knowledge of a new beginning. This strange flux of emotions has not been a kind one upon me.

Several issues back, you published a magical story titled "Old Soldier's Home," which was written by RICHARD POWER. It appealed so greatly to me that I must have read it at least 15 times. Then a letter arrived in answer to a personal advertisement in the magazine THE BIG AD. A response was sent and it was quickly answered. The letter-dating game commenced. First photographs were sent, then a request for more revealing pictures. Then it was a three-hour-and-ten-minute phone call. Like the birth of a cygnet and a promise of greater things to come, one relationship dies and another is at its inception. I commend you and your abilities with the written word. I almost *fear* your special issues because of the relentless, roller-coaster ride of emotions they take me upon!

I am registered for the Gathering and so look forward to the great pleasure at last, to shake your hand and even hug your neck! The decency, honor, joy, and love which you create within CR has been the mainsail mast to which I have lashed myself to in order to proceed through this storm. I owe you. I owe you my life which you have saved simply with your kindnesses to others. It is a charity which I, too, have feasted upon and relied upon to nourish my psyche and nurse myself back to health. The singular thought that there is indeed true love out there somewhere gives me the strength to continue my search. It is the very impetus to arise each morning and face what was once a dying world—and I along with it.

Yes, dear Patrick, you knew not that I suckled at your loving words and still do. For I am *E. pluribus unum.* The famous "silent majority" that lean hard upon your every word. That turn to the pages of CR when in deep agony and gaze upon the love and bask within the knowledge that love does exist and whatever it requires to surmount, it is well worth the effort!

Forever remember this letter Patrick. Remember that I took out the time to write. How many times? How many others have drawn silent sustenance from your pages? When groveling in the pit of despair, oft times it is but a single thread a man clings to. And you, dear Patrick—it was a loose thread to your cape that I clung fast to. A lifeline so tenuous, so utterly frail. Yet to me, it was a steel cable an inch thick. Don't you ever forget that, Patrick. When the clouds of doubt overshadow your creativeness, you must get this letter out and re-read it. Those that find fault and are the great detractors, you overlook their strident calls! You, my spirit-filled mentor, you must listen to the wind only . . . and like a willow in the wind, let them of derision run past so you may spring back for those of us who really are your supporters, though silent we may be.

I will close this letter with a quote from Henry David Thoreau:

"I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours."

Please, take not your precious time to respond to this rambling letter of gratitude. Let it suffice that our spirits have supped together and we are one in accordance. Thank you, Patrick. I will never stop thanking you. F.J.L./Missouri

We are indeed one in accordance, F.J.L., my dear friend. Your letter came in the midst of great despair over the loss of Ron Collier. I pulled myself out with a thread from your cape and resumed my confident advance into the direction of my dreams. I thank you with all my heart. PHC

Much love to all our readers.
Bruce, Charlie, Jim, Marsh, Pat and The Viking

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, BACK ISSUES AND CLASSIFIED ADS

NO ORDERING FORMS ARE NECESSARY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST:

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES -three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NO. AMERICA	S.A. & EUROPE EXCEPT U.K.	U.K. & ELSEWHERE
'92/93: #48, #50, #51, #52, #53, #54	1.50	3.00	4.00
'93: #55	3.00	5.00	6.00
CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES			
#1 - FALL/WINTER 92/93 (REDEMPTION . . .)	5.00	7.00	8.00
#2 - SPRING/SUMMER 93 (SWIMMING . . .)	8.00	10.00	11.00

NOTE: We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan, Great Britain and New Zealand, which are mailed via Air Mail Correspondence rate).

IMPORTANT: SIGN A STATMENT THAT YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE AND SEND YOUR ORDER NOTE TO OUR ADDRESS AS NOTED BELOW.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #57(AUGUST 93) NO LATER THAN JUNE 15, 1993

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 cents and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)* , you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER".

YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION.

YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna, Phelan]

RON COLLIER
aka KENN RICHIE
March 21, 1934 - March 17, 1993

In 1986, when Ron Collier came out of the blue and submitted his superb short story "A Small Giant Step for Man," we'd just published our second *SWAN* issue and were going nowhere. About the same week, RAM submitted two pieces of world-class artwork. Bruce and I were so stunned that we actually wept over our sudden good fortune.

Ron and I wrote to each other about once every two weeks in those days (he had no telephone then). He was highly enthusiastic and had a lot of ideas about how to make the magazine grow. He wrote all his pen-pals and devoted fans (he was extensively published as KENN RICHIE in magazines such as *First Hand, Drummer, Manscape, In Touch,* etc.) and single-handedly landed us at least a hundred new subscribers. But all along he told us that he could never meet us. He wanted to keep the relationship on a correspondence level, and he rarely offered any personal information. The man was a fascinating enigma.

But I persisted, finally luring him to a screening of a French art film in the Wilshire District. He'd vaguely described himself, but we weren't quite prepared for the man we met. I spotted him standing at the curb, away from the impatient crowd waiting to get inside . Our eyes locked in recognition, then he looked away and smiled shyly. Sensing that he was terribly uncomfortable, I warmly greeted him and introduced him to Bruce. Before the film started, he told us of his nightmare battle against alcoholism and his bittersweet experiences as a writer in Hollywood and New York. Later, as we drove him home, he became more relaxed and wanted to know more about us.

The correspondence continued, and more bits and pieces of his personal life began to surface. He'd been a prominent playwright and screenwriter under his real name. He was riding a crest of good fortune when Hollywood first seduced, then almost destroyed him. He hit bottom, only to be "rescued" by a bizarre, cult-like alcoholic recovery group. By the time he'd regained a foothold on his sanity through hospitalization and A.A., he was a broken, disabled man on welfare with no family to fall back on. That's when he began writing erotic stories to supplement his meager income from Public Assistance.

For as long as I knew him, he had intense pain in his left leg and had to use a cane. A few years back, he was diagnosed as a Type II diabetic and was told that his pain was due to vascular complications. That proved to be the first step into a spiral of misery and frustration. Unable to control his blood sugar level, he eventually lost part of his leg. More problems surfaced when he couldn't get properly fitted for a prosthesis. The only good to come during this period was the installation of a telephone for his emergency use. I could therefore call to check on him periodically, although he hated to talk on the phone.

Recently, just about the time his despair reached an all-time low, something unusual happened. He told me of a young, wealthy pen-pal who came to visit on a couple of occasions. The young man would take Ron to a motel for a romantic interlude. One day this mysterious person professed love for him and offered to take him away from his poverty. While Ron was sharing this with me, he tried to sound unmoved and skeptical, but I could tell that he wanted it to be true. Then the suitor's calls and letters ceased, and Ron never mentioned the man again. I never found out his name.

Throughout all the bleak years, he never lost his sense of humor, gentleness and compassion. He trusted people and gave shelter in his modest apartment to virtually anyone who was in need—an AIDS patient, transients (male and feline), struggling alcoholics. He was terribly used and abused by most of the people he tried to help. On various occasions he was relieved of television sets and VCRs he'd purchased with his meager writing income. He was such an easy mark, especially after the amputation, that one young man found it highly entertaining to regularly burst through Ron's door and terrorize him while taking everything of value until there was nothing else to take.

I saw Ron only four times during our almost seven-year friendship, but I felt very close to him. When I detected an increasing depression in his voice during February of this year, I decided to make him an editor of the magazine. His duties would have been to re-write fiction submitted by some of our less-polished amateur writers. When I called him around the first of March to ask if he would be interested, he sounded distressed—almost incoherent-- and told me that he'd just been released from the hospital with an installed pacemaker. The week before, he'd called 911 after having passed out several times while suffering an erratic heartbeat. He assured me that his condition would eventually stabilize and that he would gladly accept my offer of the editorship.

On March 12th, I sent him three manuscripts and a check, then called the following week to see how he was doing. There was no answer. Assuming that his pacemaker had given him a new lease on life, I figured that he was out shopping. I got involved in finishing the novel for the special issue and let several days go by before I called again. Still no answer, so I called the LAPD division near where he lived and asked them to check on him. They were very considerate and assured me they would send a squad to check out his apartment. Two hours later, a policeman called and told me that, according to a neighbor, Ron had died. He had no more information and wouldn't give me the telephone number of the neighbor.

In disbelief, I called the coroner's office and the L.A. County Morgue. "We don't have him." I called four hospitals, talking to both admissions and emergency room personnel. "Sorry, he didn't die here." I called the police again and was told that he'd been taken to a hospital in Glendale. By this time, it was after ten at night.

I called the Glendale hospital, which had no record of

treating Ron. Then a compassionate admissions clerk suggested I try another Glendale hospital. It was the same story there until an equally concerned admissions clerk asked me if Ron had been on welfare. When I said that he had, she switched me to the hospital morgue. (Apparently the records of people on welfare aren't handled the same as those who pay.) And then I found out the horrible truth: Ron had died on St. Patrick's day and was left in the hospital morgue for nine days before the L.A. County Morgue finally picked him up on the 26th, the Friday before my frantic Sunday calls and too late to update their records.

The next morning I called the county morgue and was referred to the Public Administrator assigned to Ron's estate. Knowing that Ron had no family to speak of and had hinted during the '92 Russian River Gathering that he wanted to be cremated and spread among the redwoods, I contacted the official and requested Ron's CR collection, the manuscripts I'd sent him, and his remains. After writing eight letters and being passed around to seven assorted administrators, deputies and morgue personnel, I was finally told that Ron's apartment had been ransacked. They also outlined the bureaucratic red tape I would have to endure just to get my manuscripts—provided they were still there. Plus, I would have to drive all the way into Los Angeles within a couple of hours (impossible). I was therefore forced to abandon my claim, whereupon they advised that they were about to close the case and turn it over to the morgue for final disposition—cremation.

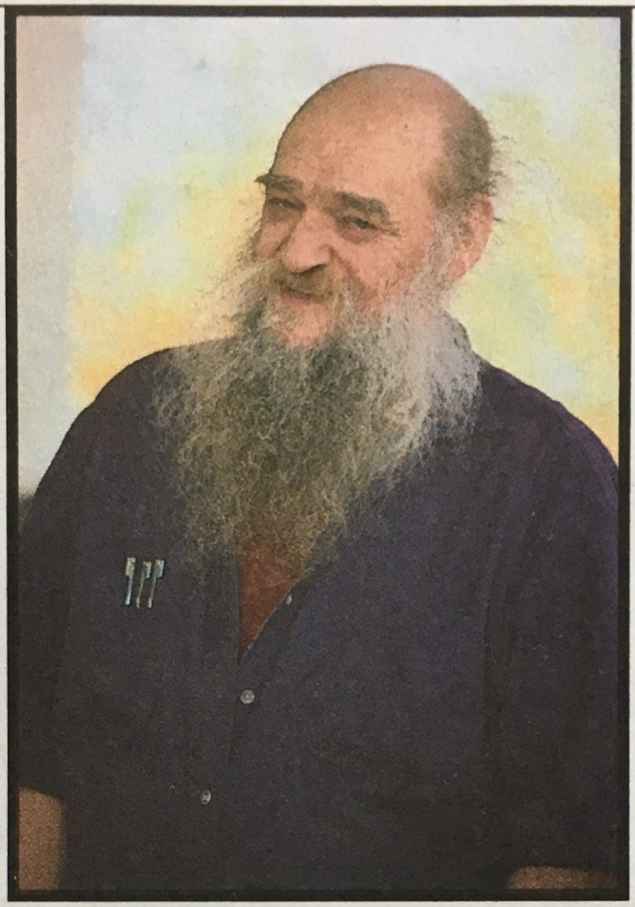


PHOTO BY RICHIE II

But lost in the final conversation with the deputy were the words: "By the way, the neighbor lady wants you to call her. Her number is . . . " And then it dawned on me that Ron had written an essay about her a few years back. Thinking that she could probably give me more information about his life and death, I called her.

I struck gold. Ron had a family after all: his next door neighbor, Ella, and her son, both of whom loved Ron very much. Ella, the same age as Ron, is also a diabetic and, like Ron, lost her leg to the disease. They were soul mates. She told of the events leading up to Ron's death and how doctors had told him that he had little chance of survival. Apparently the diabetes had so weakened his heart that it couldn't function adequately, even with the aid of the pacemaker. He died before they could perform a last-ditch surgical procedure to save him.

Unable to bear someone else renting Ron's apartment, Ella decided to rent it and use it for storage. She's also adopted Ron's cats. And God bless her, she's going to find my manuscripts and Ron's CR collection as soon as the L.A. County seals come off the apartment door.

As of this writing, the Public Administrator deputy is writing his final report on our beloved friend, who is officially the property of L.A. County. The seals will come off his door. The morgue will be notified that they are free to cremate.

The woman at the morgue, a seemingly gentle, compassionate soul like all the rest, tells me that they will wire me upon completion of cremation and advise the procedure for "buying" Ron's remains. I'm bracing for a lot of red tape and a lot of time spent in the halls of L.A. County's bureaucracy before I find out who gets my $500.00 certified check.

We're going to abide by Ron's wishes. Sometime in the near future, we'll drive up to "The House of a Thousand Flowers" near the Russian River north of San Francisco. We'll unite Ron with the verdant mountain he found so enchanting. We'll have a joyous memorial service in celebration of his brilliance, his compassion. All his friends and pen-pals will be invited.

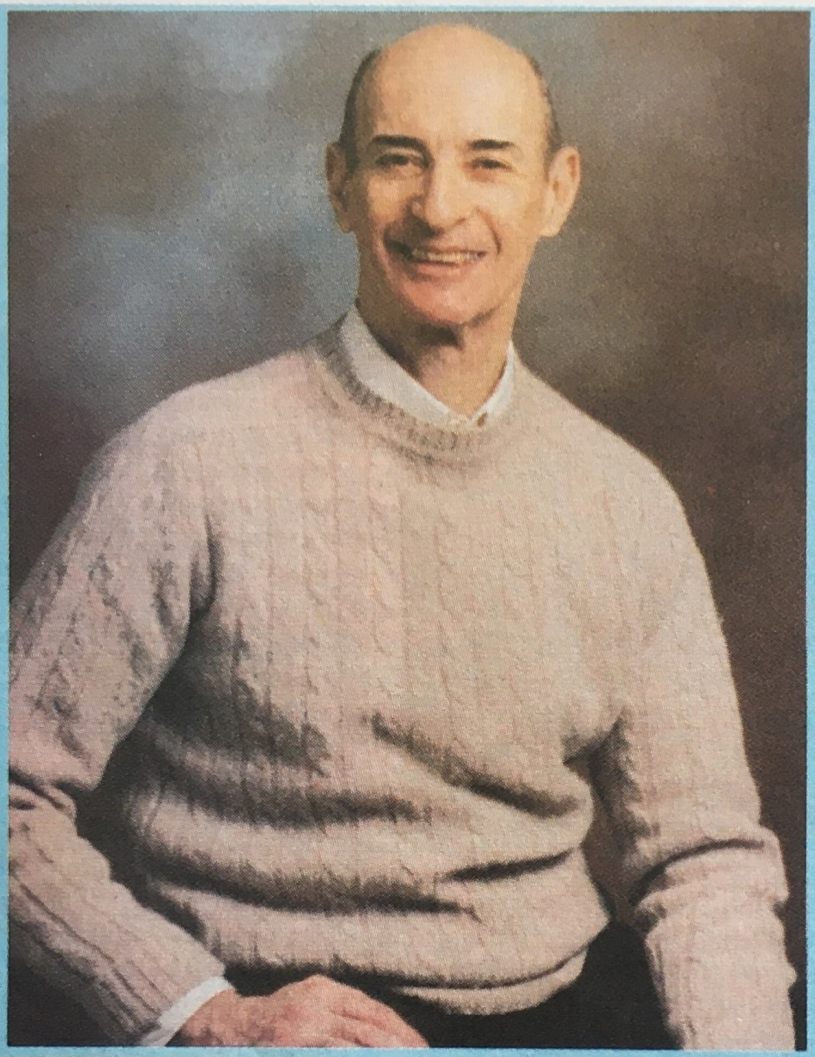
I have been warned not to consider this a solo effort. Others have insisted upon helping to pay for the cremation and memorial service, so we're inviting participation from all those who love him. All proceeds will go toward the costs of his cremation, a memorial program, a permanent marker (if possible) and the memorial service. Any money left over will go to the American Heart Association. Those unable to attend will be sent a memorial program with all contributors's names inscribed. Please make checks payable to *Chiron Rising* and specify the name you would like recorded on your behalf.

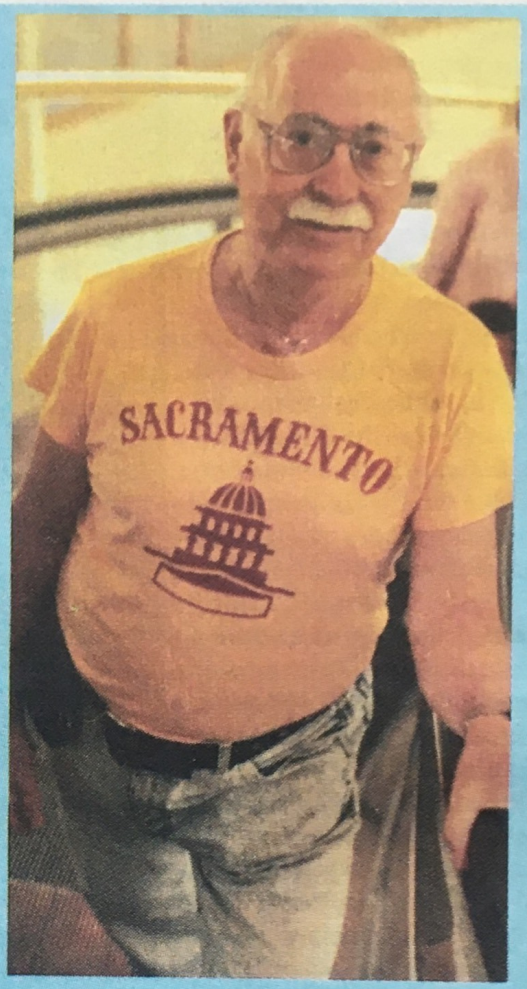
***

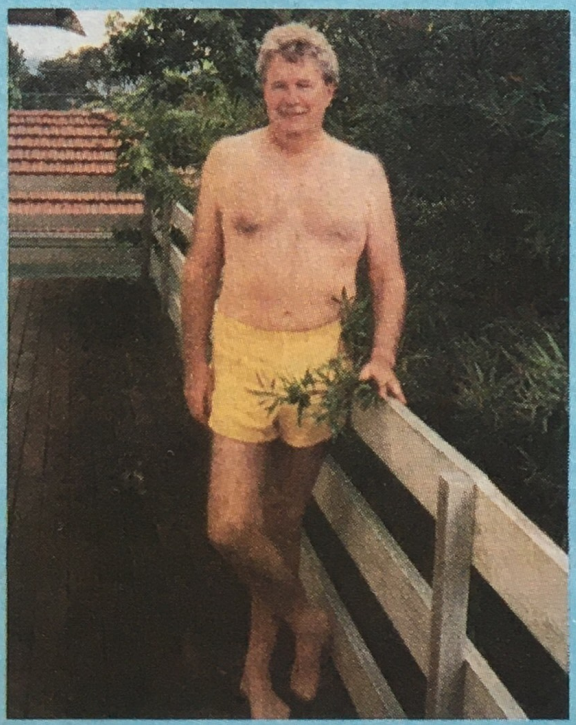
It is May 3rd, and this issue goes to press tomorrow. I am looking at a letter from the Los Angeles County USC Medical Center, Department of Decedent Affairs. Today, Ron was cremated, ending 48 days of lying inside a refrigerator like an unloved "John Doe." Now, maybe the nighmarish image will leave my mind, for I know that his spirit soars. I swear I just heard him say to me: "Hey, lighten up Patrick. Stop beating your brains out and watch a couple of videos. I recommend you watch . . . let's see . . . ahm . . . 'Mildred Pierce.' That's a good one. Crawford at her best."

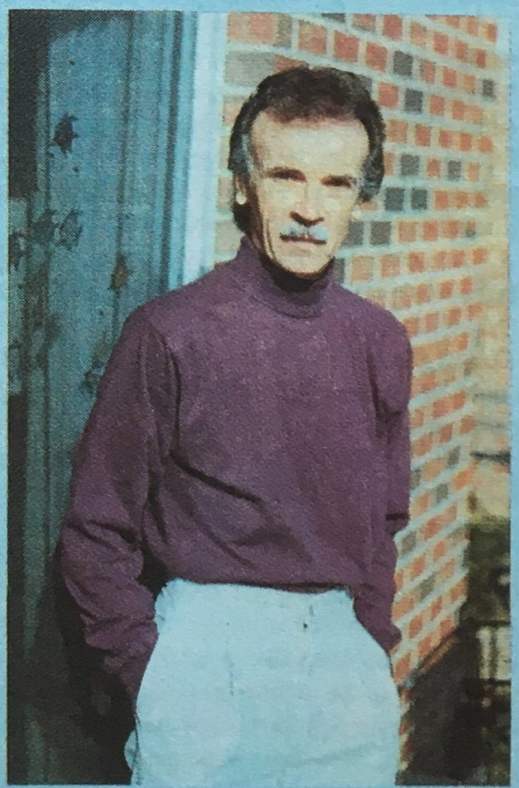
Maybe around June 7th, Ron. Tomorrow, we have to drive to the printer's plant, then on to LACUSC. After we get you back, we face the big job of distributing CRC # 2 and CR #56, followed by pulling off the Gathering. Perhaps I'll kick back then.

P.H. COLLEY



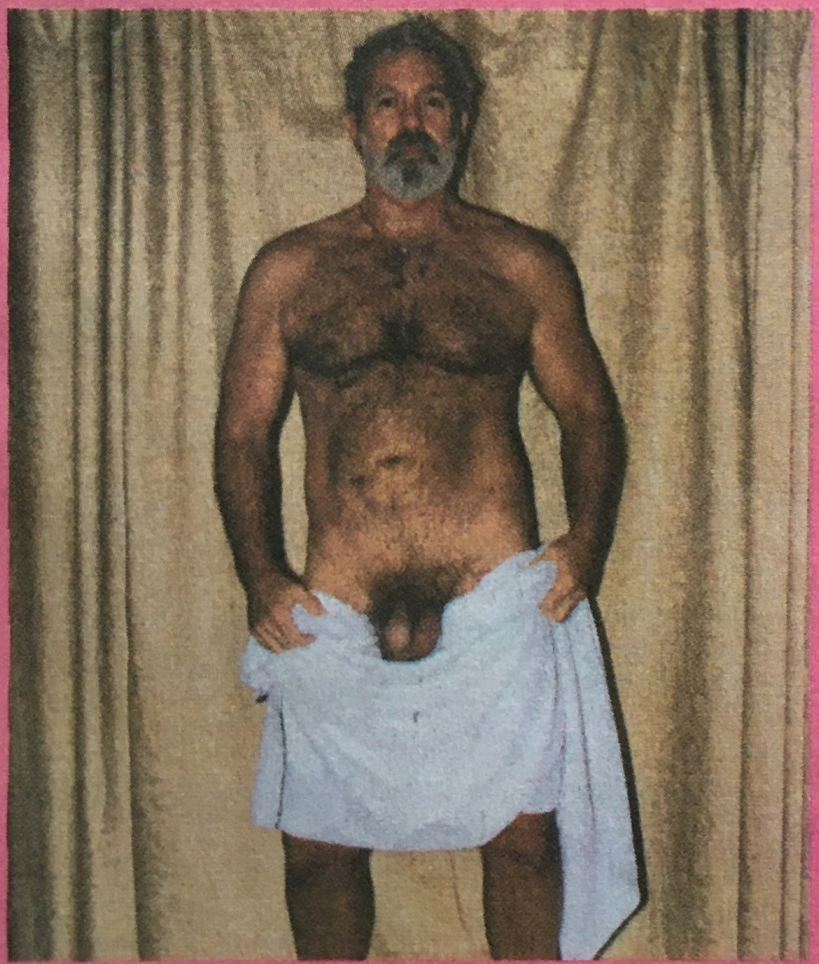






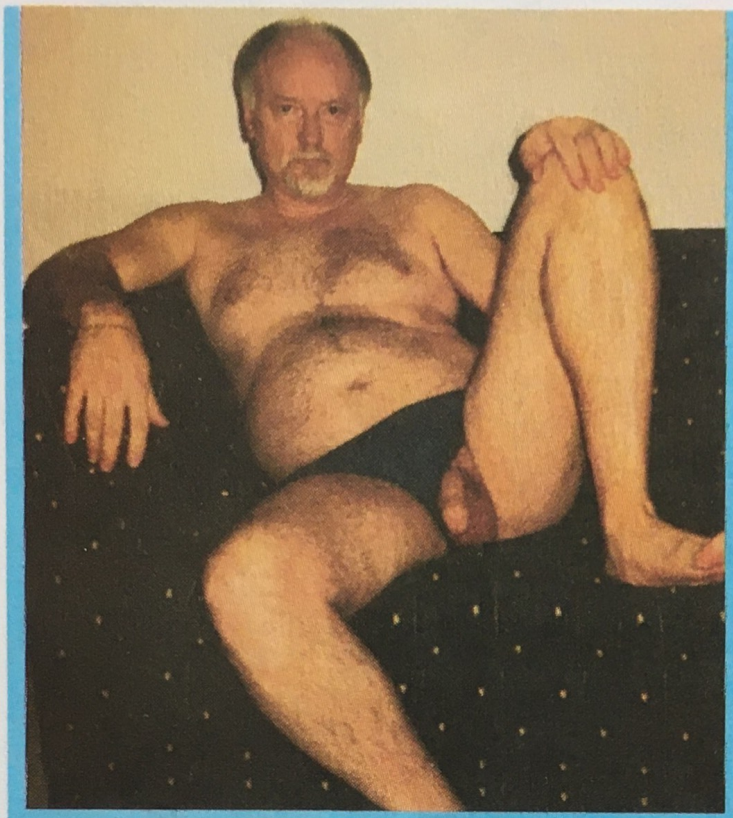
Clockwise from upper left: **KEN** - photo by BOB DRISCOLL; **ROMIE** - photo by ELMER DEMING; **BOB BOONE** - photo by KRB; **OCKER** - photo by SYD; **CAPRICORN** - self portrait

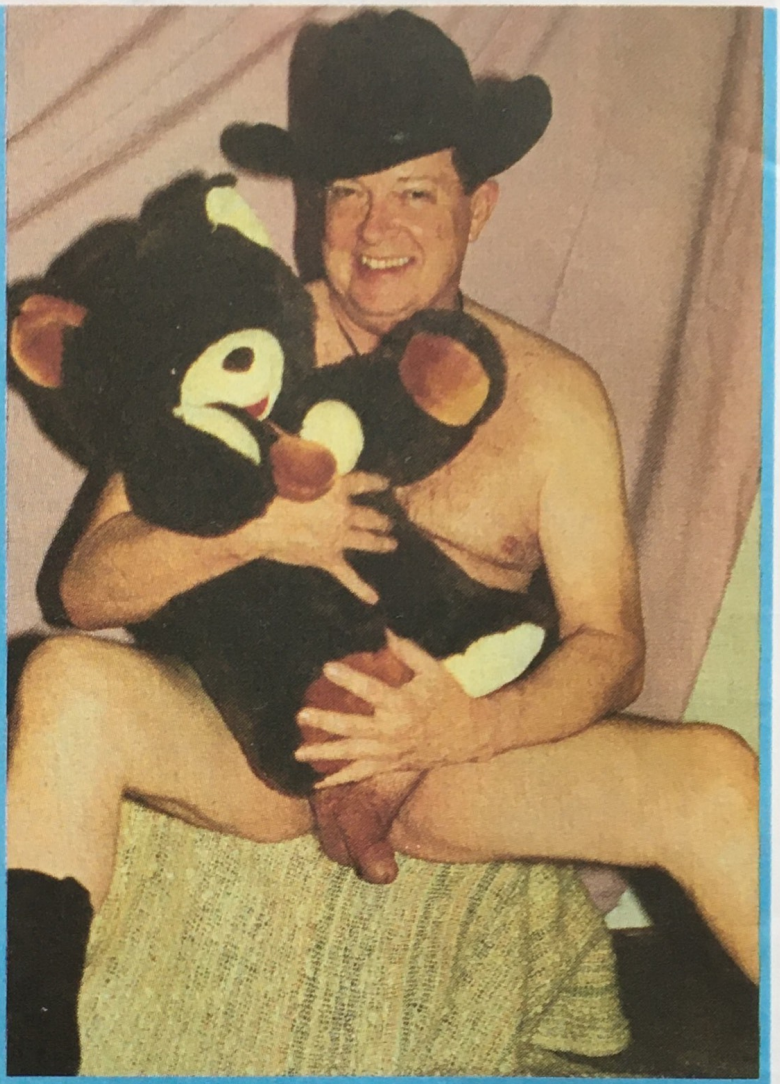
CARL

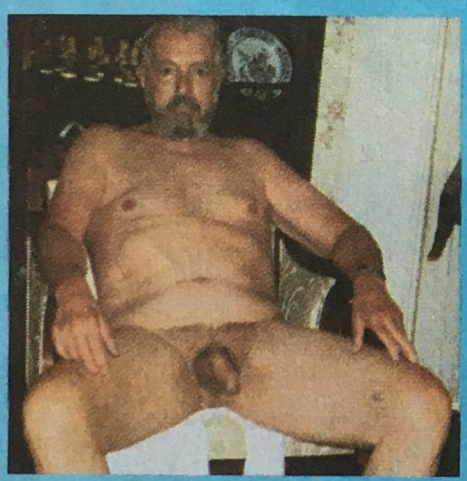


PHOTOS BY KERRI

NUDES II

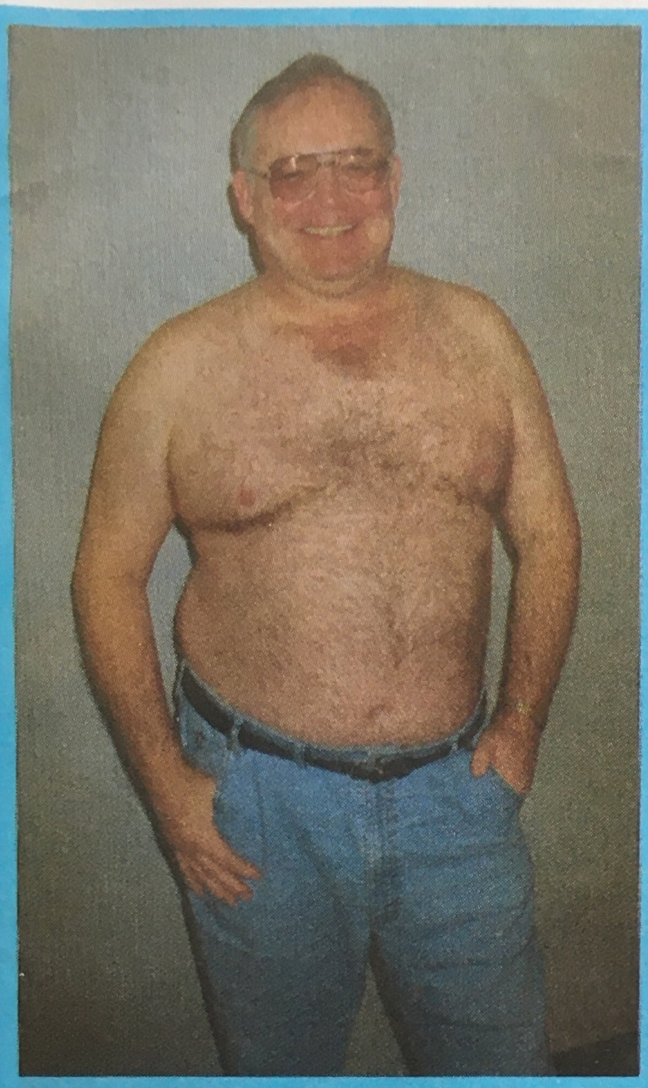


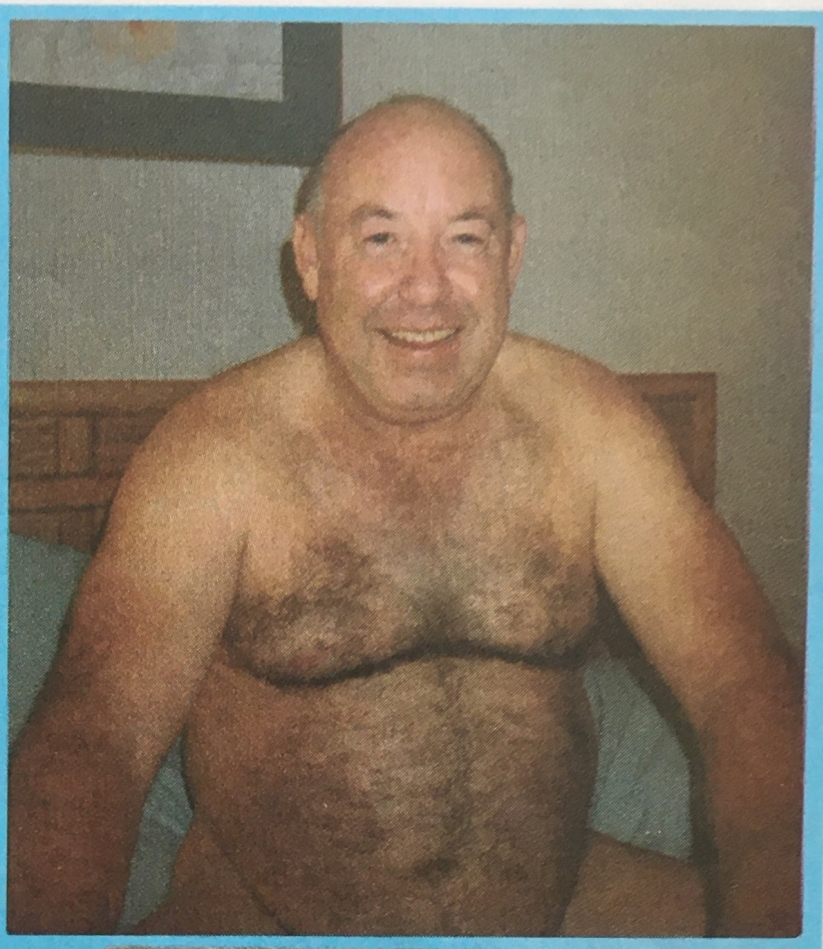


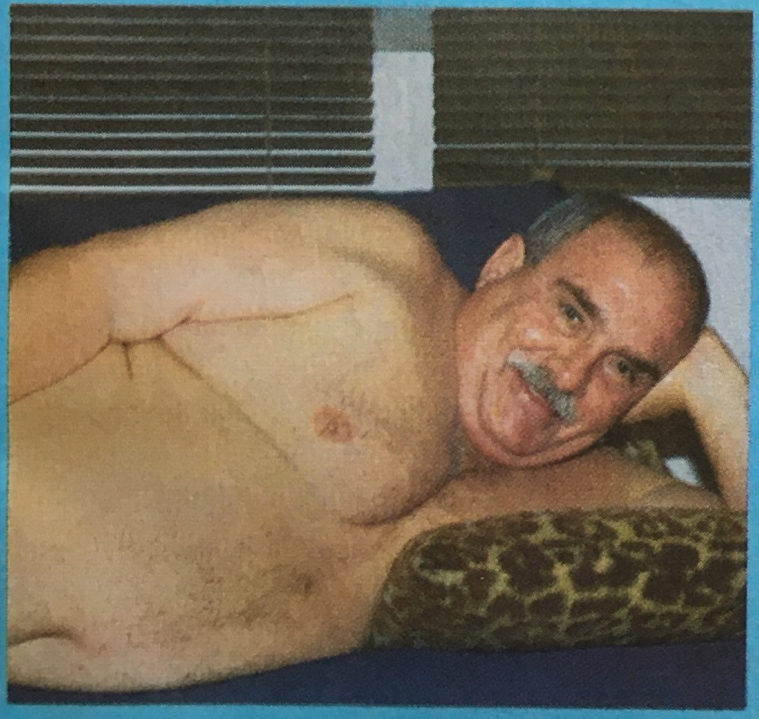


Clockwise from upper left: **PEP** - a self portrait; **LARO** - photo by TAD; **HAWO** - photo by ALEX; **KEY DADDY** - photo by TOMCAT; **BUSTER** - a self-portrait

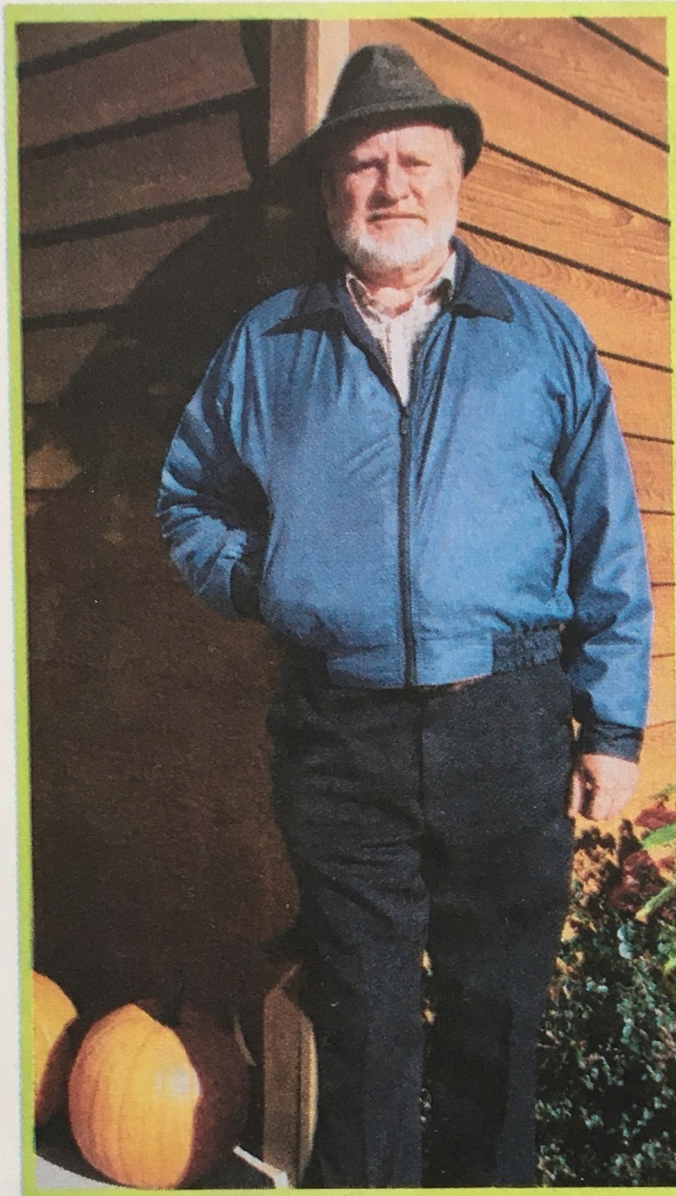
BEARS

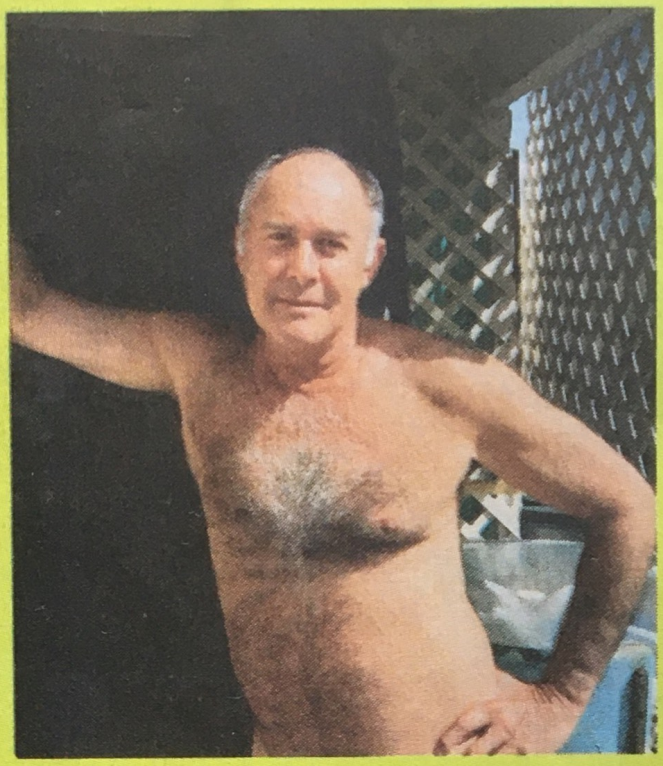


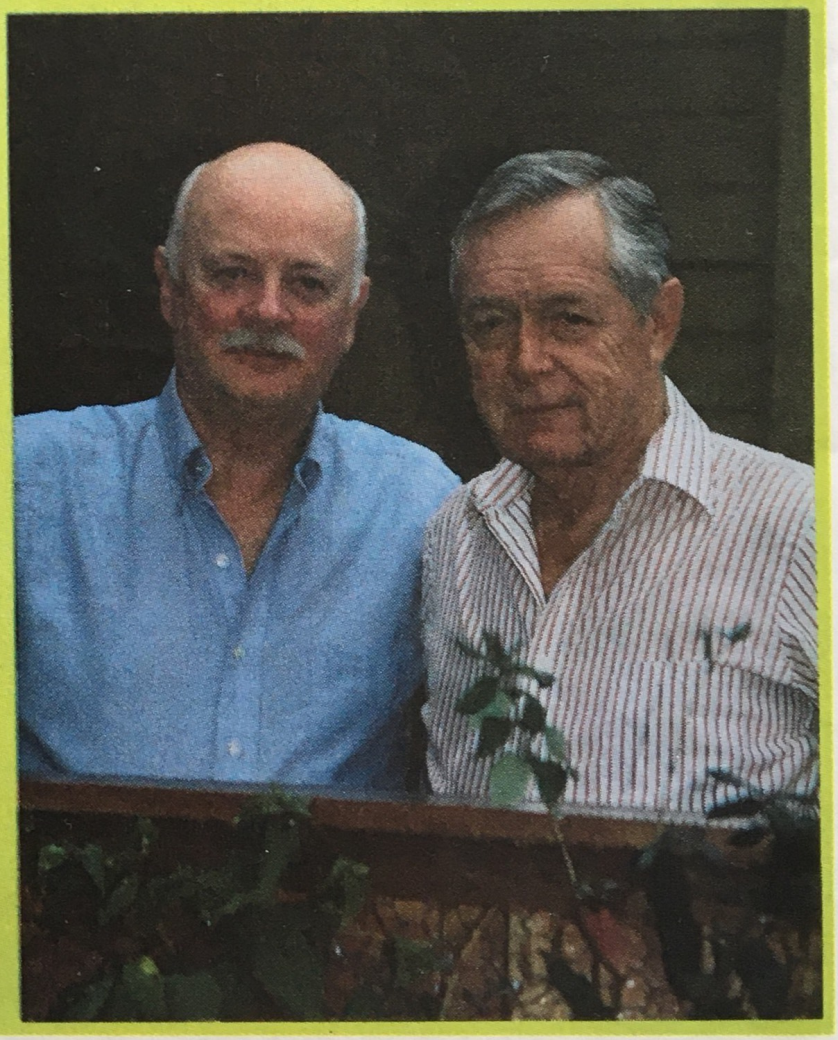




Clockwise from upper left: **SMOKEY MOUNTAIN BEAR** - photo by KIM; **GEORGIA EDDIE** - photo by KIM; **THE COLONEL** - photo by TOMCAT; **MIAMI MARK** - photo by TOMCAT





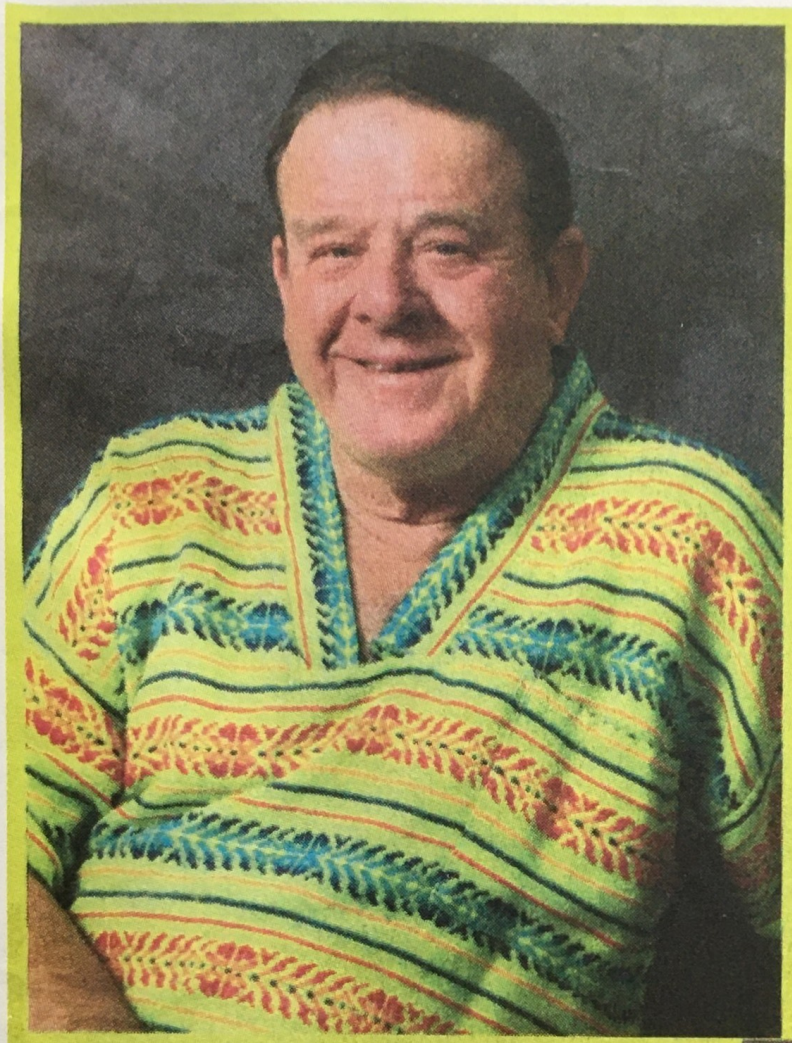


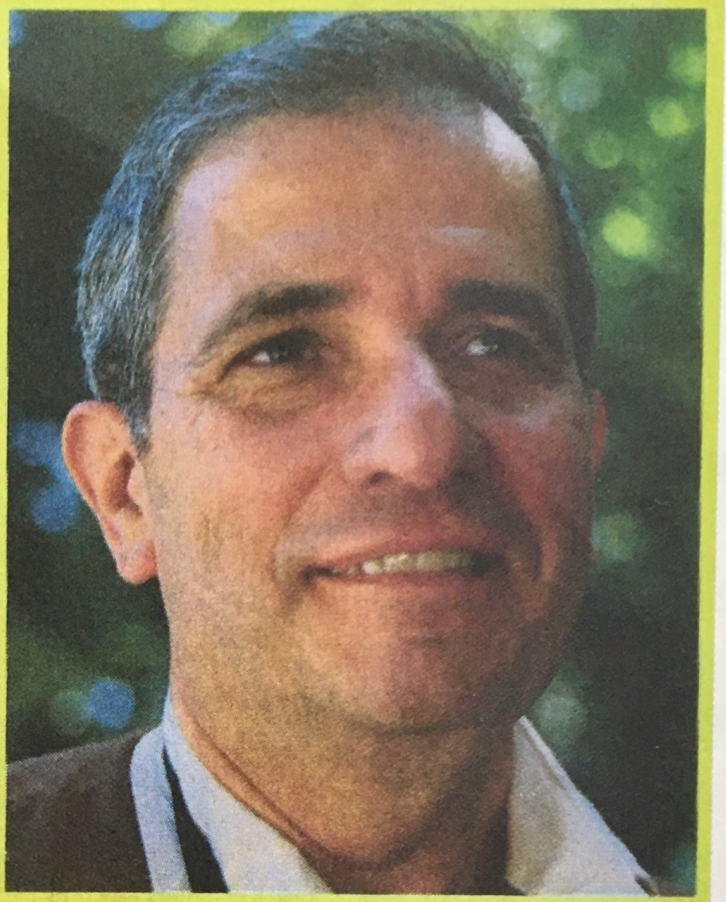
THE DISTINGUISHED SPEAKERS FOR THE CR GATHERING IN ORLANDO

UPPER LEFT: **JOHN J. McNEILL,** co-founder of DIGNITY, eminent author, lecturer, psychotherapist - photo by CHARLES CHIARELLI

UPPER RIGHT: **C.J. SCHWARTZ,** President of S.A.G.E. of CALIFORNIA - photo by KENT JUSTICE

FAR RIGHT: **WOODY BALDWIN** (with life partner SEAN on his right), Founder and International Chairman of PRIME TIMERS - photo by BOB WOIKA





AND YOUR HOSTS

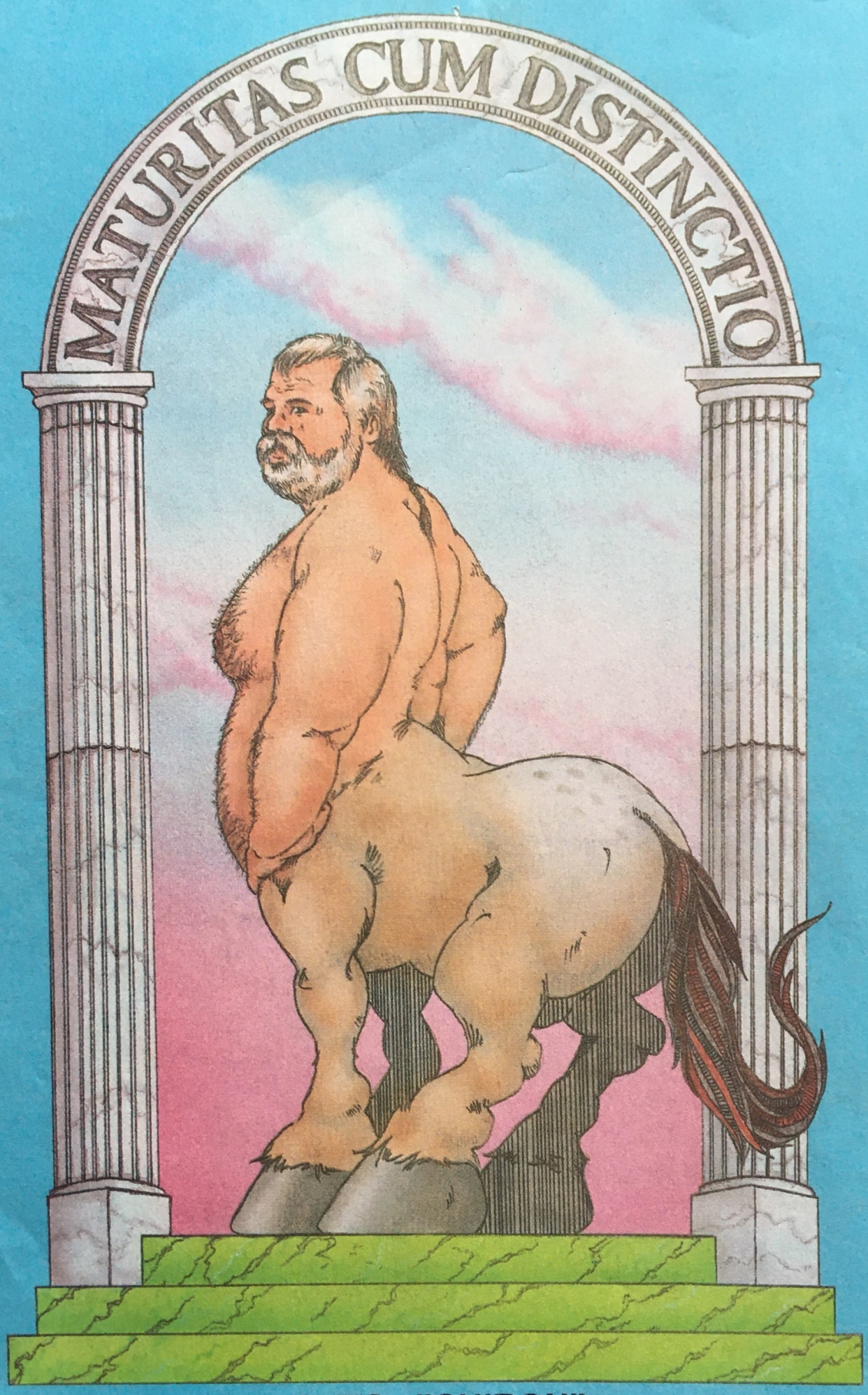
UPPER LEFT: BRUCE VAUGHAN (aka THE FRIAR), co-founder/publisher of *CHIRON RISING* and *CR CLASSICS* Magazines - photo by MACRO

UPPER RIGHT: CHARLIE CHIARELLI, Editor, *CHIRON RISING* and *CR CLASSICS* Magazines - photo by RICHIE II.

RIGHT: PAT COLLEY, co-founder/publisher/editor-in-chief of *CHIRON RISING* and *CR CLASSICS* Magazines - photo by MACRO

NOT SHOWN: THE VIKING, Literary Consultant and Associate Editor

(Unfortunately, MARSH CASSADY and JIM KITCHEN will not be able to attend)



ELF'S "CHIRON"